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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI NO 27
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 16

NO ONE NEED
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"I have been suffering for over two years with Dyspepsia. For the last year I could not take a drink of cold water nor eat any meat without vomiting it up. My life was a misery. I had had recommended Simmons Liver Regulator, of which I am now taking the second bottle, and the fact is that words cannot express the relief I feel. My appetite is very good, and I digest everything thoroughly. I sleep well now, and I used to be very restless. I am fleshing up fast; good strong food and Simmons Liver Regulator have done it all. I write this in hopes of benefiting some one who has suffered as I did, and would take oath to these statements if desired."

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THE WITCH'S HEAD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"I am willing to do that if he will apologize for the terms he used in connection with my mother."

"Ah!" said the gallant captain, "the young gentleman is coming to reason."

"He also demands that you should hand over the note you received from the lady."

"That I certainly shall not do," he answered, and drawing the card from his pocket he tore it into fragments, unread.

Capt. Justice bowed and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, and, addressing Mr. Alston and Ernest, said:

"Mr. Kershaw is not satisfied with what you offer to do. He declines to apologize for any expression that he may have used in reference to your mother, and he now wishes you to choose between signing an apology which I shall dictate, or meeting him to-morrow morning. You must remember that we are in France, where you cannot insult a man on the payment of forty shillings."

Ernest felt the blood run to his heart. He understood now what Captain Justice meant. He answered simply:

"I shall be very happy to meet my cousin in whatever place and way you and Mr. Alston may agree upon," and then he returned to his chair and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his pipe and an entirely new set of sensations.

Captain Justice gazed after him pityingly. "I am sorry for him," he said to Mr. Alston; "Kershaw is, I believe, a good shot with pistols. I suppose you will choose pistols; it would be difficult to get swords in such a hurry. He is a fine young fellow, took it coolly, by George! Well, I don't think that he will trouble the world much longer."

"This is a silly business, and likely to land us all in a nasty mess. Is there no way out of it?"

"None that I know of, unless your young friend will eat dirt. He is a nasty tempered fellow, Kershaw, and wild about that woman, over whom he has spent thousands. Nor is he likely to forgive being rolled in the gutter. You had better get your man to give in, for if you don't Kershaw will kill him."

"It is no good talking of it. I have lived a rough life, and know what men are made of. He is not of that sort. Besides your man is in the wrong, not that boy. If anybody spoke of my mother like that I would shoot him."

"Very good, Mr. Alston. And now about the pistols; I have none."

"I have a pair of Smith & Wesson revolvers that I bought yesterday to take out to Africa with me. They throw a very heavy bullet, Capt. Justice."

"Too heavy. If one of them is hit anywhere in the body"—— He did not finish his sentence.

Mr. Alston nodded. "We must put them twenty paces apart to give them a chance of missing. And now about the place and the time."

"I know a place on the beach, about a mile and a half from here, that will do very well. You go down that street till you strike the beach, then turn to your right and follow the line of the sea till you come to a deserted hut or cottage. There we will meet you."

"At what time?"

"Let me see! shall we say 4:45? It will be light enough for us then."

"Very good. The Newhaven boat leaves at 6:30. I am going to see about getting my things ready to go to meet it. I should advise you to do the same, Capt. Justice. We had better not return here after it is over."

"No."

And then they parted.

Luckily the manager of the hotel had not gone to bed, so the various parties concerned were able to pay their bills and make arrangements about their luggage being sent to meet the early boat without exciting the slightest suspicion. Ernest wrote a note, and left it to be given to his friend when he should arrive on the morrow, in which he stated mysteriously that business had called him away. He could not help smiling to himself sadly when he thought that his business might be of a sort that it would take all eternity to settle.

Then he went to his room and wrote two letters, one to Eva and one to Dorothy. Mr. Alston was to post them if anything happened to him. The first was of a passionate nature, and breathed hopes of a reunion in another place—ah, how fondly the poor human heart clings to that ideal—the second, collected and sensible enough. The letters finished, he followed Mr. Alston's advice, undressed and took a bath, then he said his prayers—the prayers his mother had taught him—put on a quiet, dark suit of clothes and went and sat by the open window. The night was very still and fragrant with the sweet, strong breath of the sea. Not a sound came from the quaint town beneath; all was at peace. Ernest, sitting there, wondered whether he would live to see another night, and, if not, what the nights were like in the land whither he was journeying. And as he thought of it the gray damps that hide the unrisen world from our gaze struck into his soul and made him feel afraid. Not afraid of death, but afraid of the empty loneliness beyond it—of the cold air of an infinite space in which nothing human can live. Would his mother meet him there, he wondered, or would she put him from her, coming with blood upon his hands? And then he thought of Eva, and in his solitude a tear gathered in his dark eyes. It seemed so hard to go to that other place without her.

CHAPTER XVI.
MADAME'S WORK

Presently the eastern sky began to be barred with rays of light, and Ernest knew that the dawn was near.

Rising with a sigh, he made his last preparations, inwardly determined that, if he was to die, he would die in a way befitting an English gentleman. There should be no sign of fear on his face when he looked at his adversary's pistol.

Presently there came a soft knock at the door, and Mr. Alston entered with his shoes off. In his hand he held a case containing the two Smith & Wessons.

"We must be off presently," he said. "I just heard Capt. Justice go down. Look here, Kershaw, do you understand anything about these?" and he tapped the Smith & Wessons.

"Yes; I have often practiced with a pair of old dueling pistols at home. I used to be a very fair shot with them."

"That is lucky. Now take one of these revolvers; I want to give you a lesson and accustom you to handle it."

"No, I will not. It would not be fair on the other man. If I did, and killed him, I should feel like a murderer."

"As you like; but I am going to tell you something, and give you a bit of advice. These revolvers are hair triggered; I had the scears filed. When the word is given, bring the barrel of your pistol down till you yet the sight well on to your antagonist somewhere about the chest, then press the trigger, do not pull it; remember that. If you do as I tell you he will never hear the report. Above all, do not lose your nerve; and don't be sentimental and fire in the air, or any such nonsense, for that is the most futile proceeding, morally, and in every other way. Mark my words, if you do not kill him, he will kill you. He intends to kill you, and you are in the right. Now we must be going. Your luggage is in the hall, is it not?"

"All except this bag."

"Very good; bring it down with you. My boy will bring it to the boat with my own. If you are not hit you will do well to get out of this as soon as possible. I meant to make for Southampton as straight as I can. There is a vessel sailing for South Africa on Friday morning; I shall embark in her. We will settle what you are to do afterward."

"Yes," said Ernest, with a smile, "there is no need to talk of that at present."

Five minutes afterward they met in the hall, and slipped quietly out through the door that always stood open all night for the accommodation of visitors addicted to late hours. Following the street Capt. Justice had pointed out, they soon reached the beach, and, turning to the right, walked along it leisurely. The early morning air was very sweet, and all nature smiled dimly upon them as they went, for the sun was not yet up; but at that moment Ernest did not think much of the beauty of the morning. It all seemed like a frightful dream. At last they came to the deserted hut, looming large in the gray mist. By it stood two figures.

"They are there already," said Mr. Alston. As they approached the two figures lifted their hats, a compliment which they returned. Then Mr. Alston went to Capt. Justice and fell into conversation with him, and together they paced off a certain distance on the sand, marking its limits with their walking sticks. Ernest noticed that it was about the length of a short cricket pitch.

"Shall we place them?" he heard Capt. Justice say.

"Not just yet," was the reply; "there is barely light enough."

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Alston, presently, "I have prepared in duplicate a paper setting forth as fairly as I can the circumstances under which this unhappy affair has has come about. I propose to read it to you, and to ask you all to sign it, as a protection to—to us all. I have brought a pen and pocket ink pot with me for that purpose."

Nobody objected, so he read the paper. It was short, concise and just, and they all signed it as it stood. Ernest's hand shook a good deal as he did so.

"Come, that won't do," said Mr. Alston, encouragingly, as he pocketed one copy of the document after handing the other to Capt. Justice. "Shake yourself together, man!"

But for all his brave words he looked the more nervous of the two.

"I wish to say," began Ernest, addressing himself to all the other three, "that this quarrel is none of my seeking. I could not in honor give up the note the lady wrote to me. But I feel that this is dreadful business; and if you," addressing his cousin, "are ready to apologize for what you said about my mother, I am ready to do the same for attacking you."

Mr. Hugh Kershaw smiled bitterly, and turning, said something to his second. Ernest caught the words "white feather."

Mr. Hugh Kershaw refuses to offer any apology; he expects one," was Capt. Justice's ready answer.

"Then if any blood is shed, on his head be it!" said Mr. Alston, solemnly. "Come, let us get it over."

Each took his man and placed him by one of the sticks, and then handed him a revolver.

"Stand sideways, and remember what I told you," whispered Mr. Alston.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Capt. Justice, presently.

There was no answer, but Ernest felt his heart stand still, and a mist gathered before his eyes. At that moment he heard a lark rise in the air near him and begin to sing. Unless he could get his sight back he felt that he was lost.

"One!" The mist cleared away from his eyes; he saw his adversary's pistol barrel pointing steadily at him.

"Two!" A ray broke from the rising sun and caught a crystal pin Hugh Kershaw incautiously wore. Instinctively he remembered Mr. Alston's advice and lowered the sight of his long barrel till it was dead on the crystal pin. Curiously enough, it reminded him for the moment of the eyes in the witch's head at Dum's Ness. His vital forces rose to the emergency and his arm grew as steady as a rock. Then came a pause that seemed hours long.

"Three!" There was a double report, and Ernest became aware of a commotion in his hair. Hugh Kershaw flung up his arms wildly, sprung a few inches off the ground and fell backward. Great God, it was over!

Ernest staggered a moment from the reaction, and then ran with the others toward his cousin—nay, toward what had been his cousin. He was lying on his back upon the sand, his wide opened eyes staring up at the blue sky, as though to trace the flight of his spirit, his arms extended. The heavy revolver ball had struck near the crystal pin, and then passed upward through the throat and out at the base of the head, shattering the spinal column.

"He is dead," said Capt. Justice, solemnly. Ernest wrung his hands.

"I have killed him," he said—"I have killed my own cousin!"

"Young man," said Mr. Alston, "do not stand there wringing your hands, but thank Providence for your own escape. He was very near killing you, let me tell you. Is your head cut?"

Instinctively Ernest took off his hat, and, as he did so some fragments of his curly hair fell to the ground. There was a neat hole through the felt, and a neat groove along his thick hair. His cousin had meant to kill him; and he was a good shot, so good that he thought that he could put a ball through Ernest's head. But he forgot that a heavy American revolver, with forty grains of powder behind the ball, is apt to throw a trifle high.

And then they all stood silent and looked at the body; and the lark that had been frightened by the noise began to sing again.

"This will not do," said Mr. Alston, presently. "We had better move the body in there," and he pointed to the deserted hut. "Captain Justice, what do you intend to do?"

"Give myself up to the authorities, I suppose," was the gallant captain's scared answer.

"Very well; then there is no need for you to be in a hurry about that. You must give us time to get clear first."

They lifted the corpse, reverently bore it into the deserted hut and laid it on the floor. Ernest remained standing, looking at the red stain where it had been. Presently they came out again and Mr. Alston kicked some sand over the stain and hid it.

"Now," he said, "we had better make an addition to those documents, to say how this came about."

They all went back to the hut, and the addition was made, standing there by the body. When it came to Ernest's turn to sign, he almost wished that his signature was the one missing from the foot of that ghastly postscriptum. Mr. Alston guessed his thoughts.

"The fortune of war," he said, coolly. "Now, Capt. Justice, we are going to catch the early boat, and we hope that you will not give yourself up before midday, if you can help it. The inquiry into the affair will not then be held before to-morrow; and by 11 to-morrow morning I hope to have seen the last of England for some years to come."

The captain was a good fellow at bottom, and had no wish to see others dragged into trouble.

"I shall certainly give myself up," he said; "but I don't see any reason to hurry about it. Poor Hugh! he can well afford to wait," he added, with a sigh, glancing down at the figure that lay so still, with a coat thrown over the face. "I suppose they will lock me up for six months—pleasant prospect! But I say, Mr. Kershaw, you had better keep clear; it will be more awkward for you. You see, he was your cousin, and by his death you become, unless I am mistaken, next heir to the title."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ernest, vaguely.

"Come, we must be off," said Mr. Alston, "or we shall be late for the boat," and, bowing to Capt. Justice, he left the hut.

Ernest followed his example, and when he had gone a few yards, glanced around at the hateful spot. There stood Capt. Justice in the doorway of the hut, looking much depressed, and there, a few yards to the left, was the impress in the sand that marked where his cousin had fallen. He never saw either the man or the place again.

"Kershaw," said Mr. Alston, "what do you propose doing?"

"I don't know."

"But you must think; remember you are in an awkward fix. You know by English law dueling is murder."

"I think I had better give myself up, like Capt. Justice."

"Nonsense! you must hide away somewhere for a year or two till the row blows over."

"Where am I to hide?"

"Have you any money, or can you get any?"

"Yes, I have nearly £250 on me now."

"My word, that is fortunate. Well, now, what I have to suggest is, that you should assume a false name, and sail for South Africa with me. I am going up country on a shooting expedition, outside British territory, so there will be little fear of your being caught. Then in a year or so, when the affair is forgotten you can come back to England. What do you say to that?"

"I suppose I may as well go there as anywhere else. I shall be a marked man all my life, anyhow. What does it matter where I go?"

"Ah, you are down on your luck now; by and by you will cheer up again."

Just then they met a fisherman who gazed at them, wondering what the two foreign gentlemen were doing out walking at that hour; but, concluding that, after the mad fashion of Englishmen, they had been to bathe, he passed them with a civil "Bon jour." Ernest colored to the eyes under the scrutiny; he was beginning to feel the dreadful burden of his secret. Presently they reached the steamer, and found Mr. Alston's little boy Roger, who, though he was only 9 years old, was as quick and self reliant as many English lads of 14, waiting for them by the bridge.

"Oh, here you are, father; you have been walking so long that I thought you would miss the boat. I have brought the luggage down all right, and this gentleman's, too."

"That's right, my lad. Kershaw, do you go and take the tickets. I want to get rid of this;" and he tapped the revolver case that was concealed beneath his coat.

Ernest did so, and presently met Mr. Alston on the boat. A few minutes more and, to his intense relief, she cast off and stood out to sea. There were not very many passengers on board, and those that were were too much taken up in making preparations to be seasick to take any notice of Ernest. And yet he could not shake himself free from the idea that everybody knew that he had just killed a man. His own self consciousness was so intense that he saw his guilt reflected on the faces of all he met. He gazed around him in awe, expecting every moment to be greeted as a murderer. Most people who have ever done anything they should not are acquainted with this sensation. Overcome with this idea, he took refuge in his berth, nor did he emerge therefrom till the boat put in at Newhaven. There both he and Mr. Alston bought some rough clothes, and to a great extent succeeded in disguising themselves; and then made their way across country to Southampton in the same train, but in separate carriages. Reaching Southampton without let or hindrance, they agreed to take passage in the Union company's R. M. S. Moor, sailing on the following morning. Mr. Alston obtained a list of the passengers. Fortunately there was nobody among them whom he knew. For greater security, however, they took steerage passages, and booked themselves under assumed names. Ernest took his second Christian name, and figured on the passenger list as E. Beyton, while Mr. Alston and his boy assumed the name of James. They took their passages at different times, and feigned to be unknown to each other.

At last the vessel sailed, and it was with a sigh of relief that Ernest saw his native shores fade from view. As they disappeared, a fellow passenger, valet to a gentleman going to the Cape for his health, politely offered him a paper to read. It was The Standard of that day's date. He took it and glanced at the foreign intelligence. The first thing that caught his eye was the following paragraph, headed "A fatal duel."

"The town of Dieppe has been thrown into a state of consternation by the discovery of the body of an English gentleman, who was this morning shot dead in a duel. Capt. Justice, of the —— Hussrs, who was the unfortunate gentleman's second, has surrendered himself to the authorities. The other parties, who are at present unknown, have absconded. It is said that they have been traced to Newhaven; but there all trace of them has been lost. The cause of the duel is unknown, and in the present state of excitement it is difficult to obtain authentic information."

By the pilot who left the vessel, Ernest dispatched two letters, one to Eva Ceswick, and the other—which contained a copy of the memoranda drawn up before and after the duel, and attested by Mr. Alston—to his uncle. To both he told the story of his misfortune, fully and fairly, imploring the former not to forget him and to wait for happier times, and asking the forgiveness of the latter for the trouble that he had brought upon himself and all belonging to him. Should they wish to write to him, he gave his address as Ernest Beyton, Postoffice, Maritzburg.

The pilot boat hoisted her brown sail with a huge white P. upon it and vanished into the night; and Ernest, feeling that he was a ruined man, and with the stain of blood upon his hands, crept to his bunk and wept like a child.

Yesterday he had been loved, prosperous, happy, with a bright career before him. To-day he was a nameless outcast, departing into exile, and his young life shadowed by a cloud in which he could see no break.

Well might he weep; it was a hard lesson.

CHAPTER XVII.
MY POOR EVA.

Two days after the pilot boat, flitting away from the vessel's side like some silent flighted bird, had vanished into the night, Florence Ceswick happened to be walking past the village postoffice on her way to pay a visit to Dorothy, when it struck her that the afternoon's post must be in, and that she might as well ask if there were any letters for Dum's Ness. There was no second delivery at Kesterwick, and she knew that it was not always convenient to Mr. Cardus to send in. The civil old postmaster gave her a little bundle of letters, remarking at the same time that he thought there was one for the Cottage.

"Is it for me, Mr. Brown?" asked Florence.

"No, miss; it is for Miss Eva."

"Oh, then, I will leave it; I am going up to Dum's Ness. No doubt Miss Eva will call."

She knew that Eva watched the arrival of the posts very carefully. When she got outside the office she glanced at the bundle of letters in her hand, and noticed with a start that one of them, addressed to Mr. Cardus, was in Ernest's handwriting. It bore a Southampton postmark. What, she wondered, could he be doing at Southampton? He should have been at Dieppe.

She walked on briskly to Dum's Ness, and on her arrival found Dorothy sitting working in the sitting room. After she had greeted her she handed over the letters.

"There is one from Ernest," she said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" answered Dorothy. "Whom is it for?"

"For Mr. Cardus. Oh, here he comes."

Mr. Cardus shook hands with her and thanked her for bringing the letters, which he turned over casually, after the fashion of a man accustomed to receive large quantities of correspondence of an uninteresting nature. Presently his manner quickened and he opened Ernest's letter. Florence fixed her keen eyes upon him. He read the letter, she read his face.

Mr. Cardus was accustomed to conceal his emotions, but on this occasion it was clear that they were too strong for him. Astonishment and grief pursued each other across his features as he proceeded. Finally he put the letter down and glanced at an inclosure.

"What is it, Reginald, what is it?" asked Dorothy.

"It is," answered Mr. Cardus, solemnly, "that Ernest is a murderer and a fugitive."

Dorothy sunk into a chair with a groan, and covered her face with her hands. Florence turned ashy pale.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Read the letter for yourself, and see. Stop, read it aloud, and the inclosure, too. I may have misunderstood."

Florence did so in a quiet voice. It was wonderful how her power came out in contrast with the intense disturbance of the other two. The old man of the world shook like a leaf, the young girl stood firm as a rock. Yet, in all probability, her interest in Ernest was more intense than his.

When she had finished, Mr. Cardus spoke again. "You see," he said, "I was right. He is a murderer and an outcast. And I loved the boy, I loved him. Well, let him go."

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest!" sobbed Dorothy.

Florence glanced from one to the other with contempt.

"What are you talking about?" she said, at last. "What is there to make all this fuss about? 'Murderer' indeed! then our grandfathers were often murderers. What would you have him do? Would you have had him give up the woman's letter to save himself? Would you have had him put up with this other man's insults about his mother? If he had I would never have spoken to him again. Stop that groaning, Dorothy. You should be proud of him; he behaved as a gentleman should. If I had the right I should be proud of him," and her breast heaved and the proud lips curled as she said it.

Mr. Cardus listened attentively, and it was evident that her enthusiasm moved him.

"There is something in what Florence says," he broke in. "I should not have liked the boy to show the white feather. But it is an awful business to kill one's own first cousin, especially when one is next in the entail. Old Kershaw will be furious at losing his only son, and Ernest will never be able to come back to this country while he lives, or he will set the law on him."

"It is dreadful," said Dorothy; "just as he was beginning life, and going into a profession, and now to have to go and wander in that far off country under a false name!"

"Oh, yes, it is sad enough," said Mr. Cardus; "but what is done cannot be undone. He is young and will live it down, and if the worst comes to the worst, must make himself a home out there. But it is hard upon me, hard upon me," and he went off to his office, muttering "hard upon me."

When Florence started upon her homeward way the afternoon had set in wet and chilly, and the sea was hidden in wreaths of gray mist. Altogether the scene was depressing. On arrival at the cottage she found Eva standing the picture of melancholy by the window and staring out at the misty sea.

"Oh, Florence, I am glad that you have come alone; I really began to feel inclined to commit suicide."

"Indeed! and may I ask why?"

"I don't know; the rain is so depressing, I suppose."

"It does not depress me."

"No, nothing ever does; you live in the land of perpetual calm."

"I take exercise and keep my liver in good order. Have you been out this afternoon?"

"No."

"Ah, I thought not. No wonder you feel depressed, staying indoors all day. Why don't you go for a walk?"

"There is nowhere to go."

"Really, Eva, I don't know what has come to you lately. Why don't you go along the cliff, or, stop—have you been to the post office? I called for the Dum's Ness letters, and Mr. Brown said that there was one for you."

Eva jumped up with remarkable animation, and passed out of the room with her peculiar light tread. The mention of that word "letter" had sufficed to change the aspect of things considerably.

Florence watched her go with a dark little smile.

"Ah," she said aloud, as the door closed, "your feet will soon fall heavily enough."

Presently Eva went out, and Florence, having thrown off her cloak, took her sister's place at the window and waited. It was seven minutes' walk to the post office. She would be back in about a quarter of an hour. Watch in hand, Florence waited patiently. Seventeen minutes had elapsed when the garden gate was opened, and Eva re-entered, her face quite gray with pain, and furtively applying a handkerchief to her eyes. Florence smiled again.

"I thought so," she said.

From all of which it will be seen that Florence was a very remarkable woman. She had scarcely exaggerated when she said that her heart was as deep as the sea. The love that she bore Ernest was the strongest thing in all her strong and vigorous life; when every other characteristic and influence crumbled away and was forgotten, it would still remain overmastering as ever. And when she discovered that her high love, the greatest and best part of her, had been made a plaything of by a thoughtless boy, who kissed girls on the same principle that a duck takes to water, because it came natural to him, the love in its mortal agonies gave birth to a hate destined to grow great as itself. But with all a woman's injustice, it was not directed toward the same object. On Ernest, indeed, she would wreak vengeance if she could, but she still loved him as dearly as at first; the revenge would be a mere episode in the history of her passion. But to her sister, the innocent woman who, she chose to consider, had robbed her, she gave all that bountiful hate. Herself the more powerful character of the two, she determined upon the utter destruction of the weaker. Strong as fate, and unrelenting as time, she dedicated her life to that end. Everything, she said, comes to those who can wait. She forgot that the Providence above us can wait the longest of us all. In the end, it is Providence that wins.

Eva came in, and Florence heard her make her way up the stairs to her room. Again she spoke to herself:

"The poor fool will weep over him and renounce him. If she had the courage she would follow him and comfort him in his trouble, and so tie him to her forever. Oh, that I had her chance! but the chances always come to fools."

Then she went up stairs and listened outside Eva's door. She was sobbing audibly. Turning the handle, she walked casually in.

"Well, Eva, did you—— Why, my dear girl, what is the matter with you?"

Eva, who was lying sobbing on her bed, turned her head to the wall and went on sobbing.

"What is the matter, Eva? If you only knew how absurd you look!"

"No-no-thing."

"Nonsense! People do not make such scenes as this for nothing."

No answer.

"Come, my dear, as your affectionate sister I really must ask what has happened to you."

The tone was commanding, and half unconsciously Eva obeyed it.

"Ernest!" she ejaculated.

"Well, what about Ernest? He is nothing to you, is he?"

"No—that is, yes. Oh, it was so dreadful! It was the letter," and she touched a sheet of closely written paper that lay on the bed beside her.

"Well, as you do not seem to be in a condition to explain yourself, perhaps you had better let me read the letter."

"Oh, no."

"Nonsense! give it me; perhaps I may be able to help you," and she took the paper from her unresisting grasp, and turning her face from the light read it deliberately through.

It was very passionate in its terms, and rather incoherent; such a letter, in short, as a lad almost wild with love and grief would write under the circumstances.

"So," said Florence, as she coolly folded it up, "it appears that you are engaged to him."

No answer, unless sobs can be said to constitute one.

"And it seems that you are engaged to a man who has just committed a frightful murder, and run away from the consequences."

Eva sat up on the bed.

"It was not a murder; it was a duel."

"Precisely; a duel about another woman; but the law calls it murder. If he is caught he will be hanged."

"Oh, Florence, how can you say such dreadful things!"

"I only say what is true. Poor Eva, I do not wonder that you are distressed."

"It is all so dreadful."

"You love him, I suppose!"

"Oh, yes, dearly."

"Then you must get over it; you must never think of him any more."

"Never think of him! I shall think of him all my life."

"That is as it may be. You must never have anything more to do with him. He has blood upon his hands, blood shed for some bad woman."

"I cannot desert him, Florence, because he has got into trouble."

"Over another woman."

A peculiar expression of pain passed over Eva's face.

"How cruel you are, Florence! He is only a boy, and boys will go wrong sometimes. Anybody can make a fool of a boy."

"And it seems that boys can make fools of some people who should know better."

"Oh, Florence, what is to be done? You have such a clear head; tell me what I must do. I cannot give him up, I cannot indeed."

Florence seated herself on the bed beside her sister, and put an arm around her neck and kissed her. Eva was much touched at her kindness.

"My poor Eva," she said, "I am sorry for you! But tell me, when did you get engaged to him—that evening you went out sailing together?"

"Yes."

"He kissed you, I suppose, and all that?"

"Yes. Oh, I was so happy!"

"My poor Eva!"

"I tell you I cannot give him up."

"Well, perhaps, there will be no need for you to do so! But you must not answer that letter."

"Why not?"

"Because it will not do. Look at it which way you will, Ernest has just killed his own cousin in a quarrel about another woman. It is necessary that you should mark your disapproval of that in some way or other. Do not answer his letter. If in time he can wash himself clear of the reproach, and remains faithful to you, then it will be soon enough to show that you still care for him."

"But if I leave him like that, he will fall into the hands of other women, though he loves me all the time. I know him well; his is not a nature that can stand alone."

"Well, let him."

"But, Florence, you forget I love him too. I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, I love him, I love him!" and she dropped her head upon her sister's shoulder and began to sob again.

"My dear, it is just because you do love him so that you should prove him; and besides, my dear, you have your own self respect to think of. Be guided by me, Eva; do not answer it at letter; I am sure that you will regret it if you do. Let matters stand for a few months, then we can arrange a plan of action. Above all, do not let your engagement transpire to anybody. There will be a dreadful scandal about this business, and it will be most unpleasant for you, and indeed for us all, to have our name mixed up in the matter. Hark! there is aunt coming in. I will go and talk to her; you can stop here and recover yourself a little. You will follow my advice, will you not, dearest?"

"I suppose so," answered Eva, with a heavy sigh, as she buried her face in the pillow.

Then Florence left her.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE LOCUM TENENS.

And so it came to pass that Ernest's letter remained unanswered. But Mr. Cardus, Dorothy and Jeremy all wrote. Mr. Cardus' letter was very kind and considerate. It expressed his deep grief at what had happened, and told him of the excitement that the duel had caused, and of the threatening letters which he had received from Sir Hugh Kershaw, who was half wild with grief and fury at the loss of his son. Finally, it commended his wisdom in putting the seas between himself and the avengers of blood, and told him that he should not want for money, as his drafts would be honored to the extent of a thousand a year, should he require so much—Mr. Cardus was very open handed where Ernest was concerned—also if he required any particular sum of money for any purpose, such as to buy land or start a business, he was to let him know.

Dorothy's letter was like herself, sweet and gentle, and overflowing with womanly sympathy. She bade him not to be down hearted, but to

The Columbian

G. E. Elwell, J. K. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887.

John B. Casey, commissioners' clerk, pays his respects to Mr. Knickbaum this week in a regular sledge-hammer manner. He strikes from the shoulder and hits the mark square in the bull's eye.

The Salina, Kansas, *Evening Herald* says that the traveling men say there is more building going on in Salina to-day than in all the towns between there and Denver, with Abileni thrown in. There are nine railroads running into Salina.

Do the people of this county desire a return of corrupt ring-rule in the county offices? If not, they should be careful to vote only for men who will not be controlled by any political boss. Everybody knows what this means.

Fifty bills passed by the New York legislature failed to become laws because the Governor did not have time to consider and sign them; and this is owing to the folly of legislative bodies rushing through so many bills in the last hours of the session.

A Missouri Pacific train was caught in a terrific hailstorm near Yalto Centre, Kansas, Sunday, June 26, and the glass on one side of the train was demolished. The engineer stopped the train and sought safety under the engine. Large dents were made in the sides of the cars and the Pullman plate glass windows were riddled. The stones were as large as hen's eggs and covered the ground to a depth of fourteen inches, utterly destroying the corn crop of a section of Wilson county two and a half miles wide.

The St Paul *Globe* has been making a canvass of the editors and prominent politicians of the Northwest on the presidential question, covering Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin and the territory of Dakota and Montana, with the following result: President—For Cleveland, 297; Hill 23; scattering, 19; for Blaine, 238; Allison, 63; Sherman, 78; Lincoln 19; scattering, 20. For vice-president—Vilas, 110; Carlisle 86; Black, 16; McDonald, 15; scattering, 60; Lincoln, 60; Hawley, 35; Allison, 29; Harrison, 116; Rusk, 16; Fairchild, 25; Sherman, 23; scattering, 70.

KRICKBAUM ANSWERED AND ARRAIGNED.

BLOOMSBURG, JULY 1st, 1887.

The slanderous attacks of Wm. Krickbaum's *Sentinel* made against me from time to time are scarcely worthy of a reply, and I would treat them with silent contempt, were it not for the fact that some people might look upon them as having semblance of truth, if they remain unanswered. A little more than a year ago I gave the public some facts, and made charges against Krickbaum which to this day remain unanswered. Instead of meeting my article with a manly reply, he has persisted in flinging all manner of untruths and heaping the worst abuse his abusive nature can command upon me, both with his vile tongue and his newspaper which he is using as an organ to once more gain control of the Commissioners' office. With his customary deceit he writes an article in which he attempts to make people believe he will not accept the commissioner's clerkship, although every one must admit that he believes Krickbaum wants that position and is working hard to secure the election of commissioners whom he can control both as to clerkship and county printing. I will state right here that the real reason of Krickbaum's attacks upon me is the fact that for years I have refused to train with him. The two reasons why he shows so much venom toward the commissioners is, first, because the two Democratic commissioners refused to accept his offered bribes for the commissioners' clerkship in 1885, and, second, because they refused to give him the county printing. Having thus given his motives for the untruthful and venomous articles contained in the *Sentinel*, I will show his hypocrisy in regard to the salary attached to my office. If he were an honest man he would have practiced when he was a clerk what he now preaches through the columns of his paper. He advocates a salary of $500, when the work is fifty per cent. more than when he was a clerk at a salary of $800. I have in my possession the written application of D. E. Hayman dated December, 1875, offering to act as commissioners' clerk for $500. At that time Krickbaum was elected at a salary of $800, two commissioners voting for him and one for Hayman. Now if Krickbaum loved the tax payers as well as he professes to, why did he not surrender the clerkship to one who offered to do the work for $300 less than was paid him? If he gets to be commissioners' clerk again, the *Sentinel* will no longer advocate a $500 salary. Again Krickbaum says he used to shovel the snow from the Court House side walk. Let us see! The record shows that on February 6th 1878, on February 12th 1878, when he, Krickbaum, was clerk, the county paid Miles Karns and Henry Yohe for shoveling snow. I might call attention to other matters to show his hypocrisy as pretended *reformer*, and his untruthfulness as an editor. But what is the use of doing so? The people have repudiated him at the polls, and they know of his crooked and deceitful methods of defeating honest men. What better recommendation do the people want for the present commissioners than the well known fact of their refusal to be bought like sheep by *reformer* Krickbaum? As for myself, I challenge Krickbaum to lay his finger on a single official act of mine which will not bear the closest scrutiny. He complains that I will not let him have the records. Why? Because I have discovered records altered by him before the ink was dry. In last week's *Sentinel* he makes a cowardly insinuation that county funds were used for electioneering purposes. This ridiculous statement goes to show how desperate this reform(?) politician is getting, as the election draws near. But what does he care? If he can only deceive the people long enough to gain his own selfish ends, and once more secure the position in which he did so much to corrupt the politics of the county, then he will be content. His whole political life has been one of deceitfulness and betrayal of friends, and I write this article to call the people's attention to his motives for slandering and villifying the commissioners and myself.

JOHN B. CASEY.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 4th, 1887.

Controller of the Treasury Trenholm, in the matter of the suspension of the Fidelity National Bank of Cincinnati, has acted with a promptness and vigor becoming the dignity and responsibility of the Government, and the catastrophe is not without its lessons and uses, as it shows the unquestional superiority of our National banking system over all others in the world, for ours is being rapidly recognized as the model for most civilized nations. When, for instance, this bank suspended, what man in the United States stopped for a moment to examine whether or not he had one of its bills? realizing the fact that if all the banks of the country were to break in a day, the Government would be fully responsible as long as a United States bond is good for its face value, and most of them are worth a great deal more.

There is quite a ripple in the great and good Civil Service Commission over a somewhat embittered disagreement about the question of paying the expenses of the several local civil service boards while on their recent junketing visits to this city, but I hardly think the controversy will be as important as the proverbial tempest in a tea pot. How sad to see that even this august body is subject to the same infirmities of temper as are ordinary people!

The changes in the different Departments incident to the beginning of the new fiscal year were not numerous or important. Twenty Treasury clerks were dismissed, also seven in the Quarter Master General's office and forty employed in the Government Printing Office—most of the discharges being made on account of the appropriation bill failing to provide for a continuance of the incumbents. The order consolidating revenue districts went into effect at the same time and also the 20 per cent reduction in salaries of Assistant District Attorneys; there were a few minor clerical changes, in nearly all the Departments.

Under the beneficent methods of our honest and upright Democratic administration the reduction of the public debt continues steadily—the amount for the month of June being about $15,000,000, which is a pretty good showing.

Of 57 clerks in the Quarter Master General's office, who were examined under the new Civil service rules, six men and two women failed to attain the minimum of 75 out of a possible 100. The following fact is regarded of much significance by the commission. Before the examination, the Quarter Master General had made markings for efficiency and kept them secret, for comparison with those of the examiners and it turned out that both markings were substantially the same—a result highly satisfactory to the commission, as it tends to disprove the charge of favoritism in the ratings.

During the last fiscal year the Pension Office issued 111,840 certificates, which is said to be the best showing ever made by the bureau. It is also said that there is not a case in the Pension Office that has not been examined in that time and the proper action taken to prepare it for final settlement—a record that is exceedingly gratifying to the officials of that bureau.

If a dynamite bomb had exploded in the corridors of the Patent Office the other day, there could not have been much greater commotion among the army of Republican clerks than when it was made public, that, after a patient investigation, the accounts of Levi Bacon, a protege of Zack Chandler's, who died a few days since, after having been many years financial clerk of the Patent Office—dying in the position—were short over $33,000. Who can blame these Republican clerks for holding a eulogistic meeting over the dead defaulter, for they knew he held their due bills for thousands of dollars unlawfully advanced to them out of the public funds? Many of the clerks will not have any salary in three months, as Secretary Lamar will deduct therefrom their dues. The bondsmen will have to pay the full amount for which they are responsible, $10,000, yet, it is thought, there will be a considerable shortage after the clerks are made to refund, as most of the sum is in paper on Bacon's outside friends. It appears that his accounts have been crooked eight years. The Democrats can afford to raise a great deal of such unsavory "Bacon out of office." "Turn the rascals out." In the words of the noble lamented Hendricks, "Open the books." Mr. John L. Norris, of this city, one of Bacon's bondsmen, now expresses his emphatic conviction, to use the language of the great and honored Tilden, that "Reform is necessary," and says he believes that the accounts of other disbursing officers of the Government, will, if fully investigated, be found in as bad a condition as those of the esteemed Republican Bacon.

A statement prepared by the Treasury Department, shows that in the month of June, there was an increase $2,664,840, in the circulation and a decrease of $3,152,931 of the cash in the Treasury. The principal increase in circulation was in silver certificates and United States notes and the principal decrease in the Treasury cash was in gold and silver certificates, United States notes and national bank notes.

The Death of James Speed.

ONLY THREE SURVIVING MEMBERS NOW LEFT OF LINCOLN'S TWO CABINETS.

Ex-Attorney-General James Speed, whose serious illness was announced several weeks ago, died at his home in Louisville June 25. For a year past he had suffered much from general debility.

Mr. Speed was born on March 11, 1812, in Jefferson County, Ky., and was graduated at St. Joseph's College. He studied law in the Transylvania University, was admitted to the Bar and began the practice of his profession in Louisville. He was elected a member of the Legislature of Kentucky in 1847, and a State Senator in 1861. In November, 1864, President Lincoln appointed him Attorney General of the United States. Mr. Speed remained in the Cabinet until July, 1866, when he resigned the Attorney Generalship and resumed the practice of law. He was President of the Loyalists' Convention in Philadelphia in 1866.

Mr. Speed had always been a strong Republican partisan until, in 1884, he repudiated the nomination of James G. Blaine and, it is understood, supported although not actively, Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Speed's death leaves but three surviving members of the many who served in President Lincoln's two Cabinets—Hugh McCulloch, Simon Cameron and John P. Usher. Mr. Speed's brother, Joshua, once Postmaster of Louisville, married the niece of John Keats, the poet.

President's Holidays.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES ON THE SUBJECT.

One of the changes in opposition tactics for the last few years has been the absence of criticism of the president for being absent from Washington during the hot weather. It is not many years, however, since it was the custom for the newspapers in opposition to denounce the president for leaving Washington for any considerable period. This kind of criticism in the days of President Grant, and was practically stopped by his answer to congress in reply to the resolution of Representative Blackburn, when that gentleman had not been as long in congress as he now has. It is now admitted that the chief executive is entitled to at least as long a vacation as the humblest government clerk. Mr. Blackburn's resolution called upon the president for information as to his official acts and duties, and especially for any information whether any part of the public business had been performed at a distance from the seat of government established by law. President Grant replied that he was under no obligations to answer the resolution, as an answer was not necessary for the proper conduct of public business, and, if the answer was desired as a basis for impeachment, even the president of the United States was not required to furnish material to impeach himself. But he chose to answer it and in doing so furnished a memorandum of the time which the presidents who had preceded him had been absent from Washington. The memorandum is not without interest.

President Washington transacted a large part of the public business at his residence in Georgetown and at his country seat at Mount Vernon. President John Adams was absent from Washington 385 days during the four years of his term. Thomas Jefferson was away from the capital 796 days during his two terms. James Madison was absent 637 days during his two terms. President Monroe was absent 708 days in eight years. President John Quincy Adams was absent 222 days in four years. Andrew Jackson was away from Washington 502 days in eight years, Martin Van Buren 131 days during his term, Tyler 163 days, Polk 37 days, Taylor 31 days, Filmore 60. By a coincidence Pierce and Buchanan were each absent 57 days during their respective terms. All of the presidents have performed executive acts away from the capital. In fact, the constitution gives the president the power to remove the capital to any place of his own selection in the event of an epidemic or of war.

Members of no party will now rebuke the presidents for being absent from Washington as much as is necessary during the heated term. It is considered more important for a chief magistrate to understand the country and the people than to be chained like a routine clerk to a desk.

The President's Letter.

The following letter from President Cleveland was read at the Gettysburg reunion:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"WASHINGTON, June 24, 1887.

"I have received your invitation to attend, as a guest of the Philadelphia Brigade, a reunion of ex-Confederate soldiers of Pickett's Division, who survived their terrible charge at Gettysburg, and those of the Union army still living, by whom it was heroically resisted.

"The fraternal meeting of these soldiers upon the battle-field where twenty-four years ago in deadly fray they fiercely sought each other's lives, where they saw their comrades fall and where all their thoughts were of vengence and destruction, will illustrate the general impulse of brave men and their honest desire for peace and reconciliation.

"The friendly assault there to be made will be resistless, because inspired by American chivalry; and its result will be glorious, because conquered hearts will be its trophies of success. Thereafter this battle-field will be consecrated by a victory which shall presage the end of the bitterness of strife, the exposure of the sincerity which conceals hatred by professions of kindness, the condemnation of frenzied appeals to passion for unworthy purposes and the beating down of all that stands in the way of the destiny of our united country.

"While those who fought and who have so much to forgive lead in the pleasant ways of peace, how wicked appears the traffic in sectional hate and the betrayal of patriotic sentiment.

"It surely cannot be wrong to desire the settled quiet which lights for our entire country the path to prosperity and greatness; nor need the lessons of the war be forgotten and its results jeopardized in the wish for that genuine fraternity which insures national pride and glory.

"I should be very glad to accept your invitation and be with you at this interesting reunion, but other arrangements already made and my official duties here will prevent my doing so.

"Hoping that the occasion will be as successful and useful as its promoters can desire, I am yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND."

Jacob Sharp Convicted.

Jacob Shart was convicted in New York on Wednesday June 29, of being a bribe giver. There was very little doubt as to what the verdict of the jury would be, but all were surprised at the short time it took them to arrive at a verdict. It took them only thirteen minutes.

When they filed into their seats they were asked if they had agreed upon a verdict.

"We have," was the answer.

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty—I mean guilty, your Honor."

"Jacob Sharp how old are you?"

"Seventy years next month."

"Where do you live?"

"334 West Twenty-third."

The jurors here consulted for a moment and recommended the prisoner to mercy.

Immediately after the verdict had been rendered the court adjourned until July 13, when a new trial will be moved for.

Part of the judges charge to the jury was as follows: "It is not necessary that the person charged gave the money with his own hand or made the corrupt agreement in person or in other words, made the agreement in accordance with the laws of contract. But if there was an understanding that one was to give and the other was to receive the bribe, then the guilt is established. DeLacy is the fountain head, and all who are proven to be connected near to or far away from the fountain head are guilty. If DeLacy received the money from Richmond and Richmond again from Sharp, then Sharp is guilty.

"If Sharp had a guilty knowledge of the scheme and assisted or abbetted in any way he is guilty of the crime charged. The defendant asked for a trial separately, and if the jury finds that he is connected with the bribery by either of the ways specified they must find him guilty of the crime charged."

Justice Barrett believed that it had been clearly shown that Fullgraff was bribed. "Who bribed him? If the jury believed that DeLacy bribed him with $10,000, then, of course, the jury must ask immediately who bribed DeLacy, for no one can suppose that DeLacy bribed him on his own account for he derived no benefit from the passage of the franchise. Any person who was behind DeLacy, who aided or abbetted in bribing Fullgraff, was as guilty as De Lacy.

"If you find that Fullgraff was bribed and that $500,000 was raised by Kerr and Foshay, and you come to the conclusion that that sum was not raised for the purposes which appear on the books of the road and that that sum really went to the corruption of the Board of Alderman—if you find this to be so and you have abundant direct and circumstantial evidence on that point, and your believe that Kerr and Foshay did this and concealed it from Mr. Sharp—if you find they did this because of their own interest and notwithstanding the few greater benefits which Mr. Sharp was to reap from it, and Mr. Sharp was ignorant, then you must acquit him. You are the exclusive judges of the evidence and if my statement of the evidence has seemed to impart my opinions on it to you I trust you will discard and disregard it.

"This is a case of the utmost importance to the people, and indeed a matter of life and death to the defendant. I am not conscious of having ruled out a particle of evidence to which the defendant was entitled. You will not be influenced by public clamor. The defendant is an old, feeble, infirm man, as has been said by his counsel. You will however, not permit that to waive you in the discharge of your duty. It is harder for old age to suffer, yet we all know that our greatest sufferings are frequently at the end of our lives. It must be so. It is the rule of the Infinite. And so now all sentiment, passion and sympathy should be cast outside the temple of justice. Here only reason should rule."

Guiteau's Head.

HOW A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL PRESERVED IT FOR PRIVATE SPECULATION.

A special from Washington says: The announcement that the head of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield is in the possession of a New York physician, causes little surprise here, for it has been known by many in this city that, when the flesh was removed from the skull in the process of articulating the skeleton, the United States anatomist, Dr. Schafhirt, preserved the same. He was careful to retain in the flesh in all their naturalness the features of the assassin. To effect this end he denuded the skull with as little cutting as possible, sewed the parts together with stitches almost invisible and stuffed the subject with materials that supplied to perfection the place of the missing bone frame. When that branch of his work was completed he placed the head in a bath of alcohol in a white glass jar about eight inches in diameter by twelve inches in length, which was hermetically sealed. Enough of the flesh was left to show the mark of the rope that strangled the assassin. For many months the doctor had on exhibition for the gratification of curious friends the ghastly spectacle, and it was the general remark of those who saw the head in Dr. Schafhirt's private operating room in the Medical Museum that the head swimming in the jar of alcohol looked as life-like as the day the noose launched Guiteau into eternity. There is no question about the officials of the National Medical Museum being aware of what Shafhirt had done in this matter and of his having used government materials and time in carrying out his object. A majority of the clerks and officers of that branch of the Surgeon-General's office were interested spectators of the doctor's work while it was being completed.

Sandwich Island Affairs.

Reports of an impending revolt in the Sandwich Islands against the Government of King Kalakaua are telegraphed from San Francisco. It is probable that they have a more substantial basis than mere rumor, and that a change in the governmental affairs of those islands may be near at hand. It is certain that there is much dissatisfaction with the extravagance and corruptions which mark Kalakau's rule, and that there have been mysterious shipments of arms from California to Hawaii. The Rev. J. W. Alexander, long a resident of the islands, and the son of one of the original missionaries, recently arrived in San Francisco and stated that everything betokened a great political upheaval, the dethronement of Kalakaua and the occupation of the throne by a woman.

The maintenance of the rule of the natives in these islands so long has been a source of wonder to most people They comprise only 38,000 souls, and are far outnumbered by the American, German, Chinese and Portuguese immigrants, who have flocked to the islands in great numbers during the few years past. These foreigners own nearly all the property in the kingdom, and transact nearly all the business, and consequently are the chief sufferers from Kalakau's obnoxious tax gatherers. The natives are a shiftless, enervated race that would have long since died out or relapsed into barbarism had it not been for the presence of more energetic and progressive races. The greater part of the royal revenues come from the sugar trade, which has returned nearly $2,000,000 a year since this country has admitted free of duty the sugars produced in Hawaii.

The occasion for the present agitation is said to have been the perpetration on the part of the King of a bit of sharp practice or diplomacy to replenish his empty pocketbook. Tong Kee, a Chinese rice grower and financier, wished to obtain a monopoly of the opium trade of the islands, and openly offered Kalakaua $75,000 for the right. The King accepted the offer, sagely demanding cash, and refusing checks, used the money, and then gravely informed Mr. Kee that his Cabinet would not consent to the sale or the privilege. A few days afterwards, however, the monopoly was awarded to another gentleman, who is said to have paid $80,000 for it. Tong Kee was naturally enraged, and he has been stirring up the discontented classes to revolt against a king who is so corrupt and who has so little regard for his word. With the foreign residents well armed and little feeling of loyalty among the native population a few daring spirits could easily precipitate a revolution.

It is probable that the resources of the Hawaiian Kingdom have been largely underestimated. Its product of sugar has increased during the past six or seven years until it now amounts to 200,000,000 pounds, and it is claimed that the islands will yield double the amount of sugar per acre that the West India islands will and three times that yielded per acre in Louisiana. The success of the recent Hawaiian loan in London, when twenty-five times the amount of the loan was bid, would seem to show that financial centres have faith in the resources of the islands. It is not probable, however, that they will be developed under the present King, whose listless nature is inadequate to using the natural wealth of his own little kingdom to advantage although he feeds his imagination with the dream of a great Oceanic empire comprising all the islands of the Malaysian group, and of which he is to be monarch. The chief concern the present state of things at the Sandwich Islands has to Americans is the possibility that during the agitation they may pass under the control of some European power. The American Government should not leave the semblance of a doubt that this contingency has been effectively guarded against.—*Press.*

DID RITTENHOUSE BOLT?

BEAVER TWP., July 5, 1887.

MESSRS EDITORS:

Jesse Rittenhouse of this township is trying to make the nomination for county commissioner of this county. I think he should be defeated as he worked for Mr. Kinter for prothonotary in 1885, and at the same time was member of the Democratic Standing Committee, from this township. Bolters should be held in reserve awhile and not be rewarded for their treachery by giving them county offices.

DEMOCRAT.

[While the above communication does not fully comply with the rule laid down some time ago, as it comes from a gentleman whose democracy and reliability are unquestioned, we cannot decline to print it because not signed by the writer. Mr. Rittenhouse of course will have an opportunity of replying, if he so desires. EDS.]

News Items.

The shocks of earthquake in the southwest continue almost daily.

Joseph Layar was shot at Hazleton on the Fourth by George Wargo. Both were intoxicated.

Cholera is prevailing to an alarming extent in South America. From 889 cases at Valparaiso, 629 were fatal.

An earthquake shock was felt at Concord, N. H., on Thursday of last week. Seven distinct vibrations were felt.

All the glass factories in the country have suspended operation and given their employes vacations for thirty and sixty days.

The library of the British Museum now contains more than 2,000,000 books, which occupy three miles lineal of book-cases eight feet high.

Washington city has completed the work of laying 17,000 feet of underground telegraphic cable for the use of the District fire alarm and telegraphic service.

Andro Cina, a young Slav, was found guilty of manslaughter at Wilkesbarre last week. He was tried for the murder of George Kekel, a fellow countryman.

On Thursday, June 30, a railroad bridge near Tyrone, Pa. on the Pennsylvania, weighing 100 tons was moved to new foundations in six and a-half minutes, a remarkable feat.

The sheet mill, rolling mill, and tube works of the Reading Iron Works have been closed down indefinately owing to the refusal of nearly 2,000 employes to accept a 10 per cent. reduction in wages.

A 14-year-old boy at Childrens' Station, Cherokee Nation, near Ft. Smith, Ark., is charged with the murder of a ten year old girl. He claims the killing was an accident. She was shot in the breast and instantly killed.

A despatch from Benson, Ariz., reports a terrible waterspout near there last week. A valley half a mile wide was covered with water to the depth of fifteen feet. Hundreds of cattle were drowned. The water must have traveled a distance of fifty miles.

Five fatalities occurred at Brazil, Ind., Saturday. Burt Claburn, a miner was killed by falling slate, and Ned Armstrong, a farmer, was killed by lighting, George Heacox, a miner, had his back broken by a cage in a mine, and Robert Stewart, and Henry Nolan lost limbs under the cars.

A 14-year-old boy in New York was killed by dynamite cartridges on the Fourth. He succeeded in stealing some from workmen, and then began smoking a cigarette. Seeing his mother coming he put the cigarette in the pocket where he had the cartridges. He was blown ten feet into the air.

Farmers in the vicinity of the great gas wells located near Kokomo, Ind., have just closed a grand harvest jubilee and exhibition of wheat cutting by natural gas light. Self-binders were run all night, and men shocking wheat at midnight made a novel scene and something entirely new—not under the sun, but under the cheering blaze of natural gas.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Peculiar Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

While a little fellow named Paul Monsky was gathering kindling wood along the Delaware wharves at Philadelphia last Monday, two larger boys caught him, stripped him of his clothes and threw him into the water to see him swim. He did not come to the surface again. The brother of the boy who was drowned was near but he could only give a vague description of the boys, and the wretches have not been caught.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Wall St., N. Y.

CANDIDATES' CARDS.

The names announced under this heading are subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention, to be held in Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, 1887. The Delegate Election will be held on Saturday, July 23, between the hours of 3 and 7 p. m.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
CYRUS B. McHENRY,
Of Fishingcreek Township.

FOR PROTHONOTARY AND CLERK OF THE COURTS,
WM. H. SNYDER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
C. H. CAMPBELL,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
N. P. MOORE,
of Hemlock Township.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
G. W. STERNER,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. B. CROOP,
Of Briarcreek.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
G. A. HERRING,
Of Bloomsburg

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
H. C. KELCHNER,
Of Scott Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
STEPHEN POHE,
Of Centre Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WASHINGTON PARR,
Of Franklin.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
L. M. CREVELING,
Of Fishingcreek.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WM. G. GIRTON,
Of Bloomsburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
ELIAS HOWELL,
Of Mt. Pleasant Township.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
JESSE RITTENHOUSE,
Of Beaver Twp.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that applications will be received by the Bloomsburg School District for Principal of the Public schools up to July 22. Applicants must present testimonials with satisfactory evidence of qualification for the position, and state amount of salary desired.

J. J. LAWALL, Sec'y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Frederick Derr, of Madison Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Derr, late of Madison township, deceased, have been granted by the register of Columbia county to J. S. McBride, to whom all debts due to the said deceased, must be paid; and all claims against the estate, properly authenticated for settlement, must be made.

J. S. McBRIDE,
Or to JOHN G. FREEZE, Bloomsburg, Pa. White Hall, Pa. jy8

TO CONSUMPTIVES

USE WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility. It is an acknowledged specific remedy. TRY IT. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 162 William St., New York. Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular. july8-4t-d.

YOUNG MEN

Educate for Life AT THE Williamsport Commercial College.

Satisfaction or money refunded. Address P. M. ALLEN, Williamsport, Pa. july8-4t.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, &c. Class of 100 Columbia Law students, 1,000 classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn., Phila. and 400 at Wellesley College, &c., and engaged at Chautauqua University. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York. july8-4t.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

This Magazine portrays American thought and life from ocean to ocean, is filled with pure high-class literature, and can be safely welcomed in any family circle.

PRICE 25c. OR $3 A YEAR BY MAIL.

Sample Copy of current number mailed upon receipt of 25 cts.: back numbers, 15 cts.

Premium List with either.

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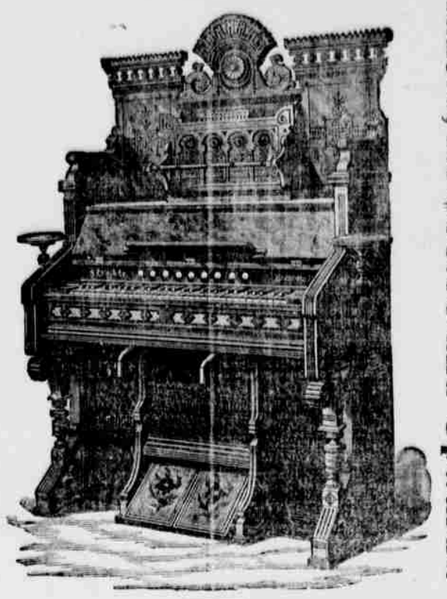
GET UP CLUBS

GREAT INDUCEMENTS!

We are offering great inducements to persons desiring to purchase Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

A Magnificent Upright or Square Piano for $250.00 and Upwards.



A Good Double Reed Organ, Warranted, for $65.00 and Upwards.

Among the Pianos we handle are the *IVERS & POND, C. C. BRIGGS, BAUS & CO., SCHOMACKER Gold String and Opera Pianos.* These Pianos are all first-class and fully warranted for five years.

Our leading Organs are the celebrated *ESTEY, MILLER, UNITED STATES* and other makes.

Our leading Sewing Machines are the celebrated *WHITE, NEW DAVIS, NEW DOMESTIC, NEW HOME, HOUSEHOLD, ROYAL ST. JOHN and STANDARD ROTARY Sewing Machine*, the finest and best Rotary Sewing Machine in the world.

Before purchasing write for Catalogues to J. SALTZER'S PALACE OF MUSIC AND GREAT SEWING MACHINE DEPOT, Main St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

TUESDAY, July 12, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or lot of ground, situate in the town of Bloomsburg, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: Northwardly by Second street, eastwardly by lot of C. F. Knapp, southwardly by Green Alley and westwardly by lot No. 17 of John Wagonseller. Said lot being marked and numbered as lot No. 16 in plan of Snyder's addition to the town of Bloomsburg, whereon is erected a two-storied frame dwelling house and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, at the suit of Silas Hess, adm'r of Martha Hartman, deceased, vs. Phineas Leiser, and to be sold as the property of Phineas Leiser.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN, Attys.

By virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on

SATURDAY, July 16, 1887,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all that certain messuage or tract of land, situate in Centre township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by Nob Mountain land, on the east by land of Wm. Beck estate, on the south by land of Charles Whitmire and on the west by land of Wm. Beck estate, containing about sixty acres of land, more or less, on which are erected a dwelling house, barn and outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sallie A. Robbins.

MILLER, Atty. SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, the undersigned, appointed Trustee, will sell on the premises, in Greenwood township, Columbia county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, July 9, 1887,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate, to-wit: All that piece, parcel and tract of land, situate in said county and state aforesaid, bounded on the north by land of Michael Watts and William Patterson, on the east by public road leading from Bunker Hill to Centre school house, and also by lands of Joseph Albert; son, on the south by lands of William Reece and on the west by lands of Wesley Morris and Isaac Heacock, containing about

66 ACRES

of land, more or less, with the appurtenances.

TERMS OF SALE:—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property, the one-fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute, and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for drawing deed.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.
IKELER & HERRING, Attys. [jly7] Trustee.

SATISFACTION OF A MORTGAGE.

COMMON PLEAS—No. SEPT. TERM, 1887.

In the matter of the petition of Wm. Chrisman, for satisfaction of a mortgage given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, SS:—

To Philip Poke and his heirs, or legal representatives, and all persons claiming to be the owner or owners of said mortgage:

Whereas, It appears by the records, in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, &c., at Bloomsburg, that a certain mortgage, dated the 16th day of March, 1886, given by John McMurtrie to Philip Poke, to secure the payment of certain money, viz: $150, with interest, &c., recorded in Mortgage Book No. 1, page 427 and 428, remains unsatisfied.

And whereas, it is alleged that all the money due on said mortgage was paid, and a legal presumption now exists of the payment of said mortgage from lapse of time. And whereas, Wm. Chrisman, present owner of the mortgaged premises, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas of said county, where said premises are situated, praying said Court to decree and direct that satisfaction be entered upon the record of said mortgage on payment of the costs due on the same, and the satisfaction so entered shall forever discharge and release the lien of said mortgage from the said premises. Therefore all persons interested as owners or holders of said mortgage, are required, by an order of said Court, to appear at the next term of said Court, to be held at Bloomsburg, on the 4th Monday of September, A. D. 1887, to answer the petition as aforesaid, and to show cause, if any there be, why said mortgage shall not be satisfied as prayed for in said petition.

SAMUEL SMITH, Sheriff.
June24

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, de bonis non, with the will annexed, on the estate of Robert Finney, late of Liberty Twp., deceased, have been granted by the Register of Columbia county to John G. Freeze, to whom all claims against said estate, properly authenticated, must be presented, and all debts due the same be paid.

JOHN G. FREEZE,
July 1-6t. Bloomsburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF DAVID LOWENBERG, DEC'D.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of David Lowenberg, late of Bloomsburg, in Columbia county, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Wills of said county, to Sarah Lowenberg and Louis Lowenberg, to whom all payments on account must be made, and all claims for settlement.

June 25, 1887. SARAH LOWENBERG,
LOUIS LOWENBERG,
JOHN G. FREEZE, Atty. [July1-6t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE COLUMBIAN,

MARKET REPORTS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKET.

	Wholesale.	Retail.
Wheat per bushel	95	
Rye " "	56	
Corn " "	50	65
Oats " "	35	45
Flour " bbl	4.00 to 6	
Butter	14	16
Eggs	14	16
Potatoes	65	75
Hams	12	16
Dried Apples	03	05
Side	07	10
Shoulder	09	12
Chickens	8	10
Geese		
Lard per lb	08	10
Vinegar per gal	20	30
Onions per bushel	60	75
Veal skins	07	
Wool per lb	35	
Hides	5 to 7	

COAL ON WHARF.

No 6 $2.00; Nos 2 3, & Lump $3.25
No. 5 $3.00 Bituminus $3.25

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Reported by G. S. Paimer, Wholesale Commission Merchant, 106 Reade St., N. Y.

NEW YORK, June 27, 1887.

The week opens with bright, clear weather and outlook favorable for an active business in general lines of produce. The glut of strawberries, cherries and other local fruits is now over and all choice stock will sell for good prices. Fancy Hudson River strawberries selling from 10 to 15c per quart; Raspberries, H. R., 10 to 12c for pin's; N. J., 7 to 10c; fancy dark red and black cherries, 10 to 12c per lb., white, 6 to 8c; Gooseberries, 5 to 6c per qt; choice watermelons, 20 to 25c each, Ga. Butter continues in liberal supply and prices ranging for fancy creamery from 18 to 20c, select dairy, tubs and pails, 17 to 18c, and very fair quality of goods will bring from 14 to 16c; cheese, fancy 8½ to 7¾c., skims, 5 to 6½c. Receipts of eggs are quite liberal and all fresh near-by stock selling from 15 to 16c, with fancy white leghorn at from 18 to 20c. Spring chickens not so heavy in receipt and selling, large, from 18 to 20c, small, 15 to 16c, fowls, live, 11 to 12c, roosters, 8c iced poultry, spring chickens, large, 26 to 28c, small, 20 to 28c, and fowls, 11 to 12c; dressed ve

The Columbian

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1887.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Trains on the Philadelphia & R R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:14 a. m.	11:27 a. m.
3:10 p. m.	6:39 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

SOUTH.	SOUTH.
7:12 a. m.	8:33 a. m.
11:07 a. m.	12:05 a. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloomsburg as follows:

SOUTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:54 a. m.
2:46 p. m.	4:19 p. m.
6:26 p. m.	9:30 p. m.

SUNDAY.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:59 p m

SALES.

JULY 9.—Samuel Smith, trustee, will sell real estate in Greenwood township at 3 p. m. See advertisement.

JULY 15.—Thos. J. Hoffman, administrator of Henry Hoffman, deceased, will sell real estate on Fifth street, Bloomsburg, being a lot of 50 feet front, with two story brick dwelling, and outbuildings, at 2 o'clock p. m. See advertisement.

A Fine Residence For Sale.

The executors of Mary N. Harman, deceased, offer at private sale a handsome residence on Market street above Main, Bloomsburg. The house is of brick, large pleasant rooms, steam heat, gas, water, sewerage, and all modern improvements. There is a large frame barn, ice house and outbuildings. One of the most desirable locations in the town. Terms easy.

They also offer for sale thirty-seven acres of land on Normal hill, adjoining P. Dillon's and the Hoyt estate. Can be divided into desirable building lots. For terms and particulars apply to I. W. McKelvy, one of the executors, or Geo. E. Elwell, attorney, Bloomsburg, Pa. tf

FOR RENT.

Two rooms on second floor of the COLUMBIAN building, together or separately. Steam heat, gas, water on same floor. Rent low. Inquire of Geo. E. Elwell. [3t

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The Music Hall, formerly Eureka Rink, is offered for sale or rent on reasonable terms by the new manager. Parties wishing to hold festivals will do well to see the manager.

J. D. SHAFFER, Manager.

LOST.—A child's breast-pin on Main or East street. The finder will please return to this office.

Shipping tags, with or without strings at the COLUMBIAN office. tf.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic voters of the several districts of Columbia county will meet at the usual places of holding elections, on Saturday July 23, between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock p. m., and elect delegates by ballot to represent the districts in the County Convention, to be held in the Opera House, Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, July 26, at 11 o'clock a. m., to place in nomination one person for Associate Judge, one person for Prothonotary, &c., one person for Register and Recorder, one person for County Treasurer, two persons for County Commissioners, and two persons for County Auditors, and to transact such other business as the interests of the Democratic party may require. Also at the same time and places, and in the same manner, the Democratic electors in each district will elect one person to serve as a member of the Standing Committee, which will meet immediately after the adjournment of the Convention.

By order of Standing Committee,

R. R. LITTLE, CHAIRMAN.

Collectors' receipt books and notices for sale at this office. tf.

Apportionment of Delegates.

The following apportionment of Delegates has been made by the Standing Committee, in accordance with the Revised Rules, viz:—Rule 2nd. The representation of Districts in County Convention shall be in proportion to the Democratic vote of each, as cast at the most recent election for Governor, but the whole number of delegates shall not exceed eighty-five, and no district shall be allowed less than two, nor more than four delegates.

Rule 3rd. Delegates shall be allowed to districts upon a ratio of sixty votes for a delegate, allowance being made for the largest fraction of a vote:

Districts.	Vote for Gov'r.	Delegates.
Beaver,	168	3
Benton,	218	4
Berwick, E.,	44	2
Berwick, W.,	99	2
Bloom, E.,	242	4
Bloom, W.,	170	3
Briarcreek,	129	2
Catawissa,	272	4
Centralia,	207	4
Centre,	146	2
Conyngham, N.,	140	2
Conyngham, S.,	66	2
Fishingcreek,	257	4
Franklin,	67	2
Greenwood,	180	3
Hemlock,	117	2
Jackson,	122	2
Locust,	222	4
Madison,	144	2
Main,	119	2
Mifflin,	197	3
Montour,	72	2
Mt. Pleasant,	80	2
Orange,	115	2
Pine,	93	2
Roaringcreek,	73	2
Scott, W.,	71	2
Scott, E.,	98	2
Sugarloaf,	166	3
Total,	4184	75

During July and August the COLUMBIAN office will close every day at six o'clock. [tf

Personal.

Miss Laura Rishel is visiting at Millville.

Mrs. E. W. Elwell is visiting her relatives here.

Miss Dora Marr is out of town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Drinker spent the 4th at Irondale.

Harry Willets, of Williamsport, has been visiting friends here this week.

Prof. Noetling has gone to Selinsgrove to spend the Summer with his family.

Prof. F. H. Jenkins received the degree of Master of Arts from Pennsylvania College last week.

Mrs. Long and daughter, Irene, of Troy, Bradford Co, have been visiting at Mr. N. U. Funk's the past week.

N. E. Cleaver, of Catawissa, graduated at Dickinson College last week. The subject of his oration was "Character Necessary to Manhood."

Miss Mary Curran received a gold medal at Dickinson College commencement last week. The prize was for literary excellence in the Junior essays.

Mr. E. B. Driesbach and family, of Montgomery Station, visited friends in this section during the past week. Mr. Driesbach is engaged in milling at Montgomery Station and has a large patronage and well he should have, as he is an excellent miller.

Trout fishing season ends next Wednesday.

The St. Elmo has a frog pond in one of the windows.

The rain of Tuesday morning was very welcome to everybody.

Last Sunday was the hottest day we have experienced this Summer.

There seems to be a scarcity of farm hands throughout the State this year.

Pullman is buying a railroad car built which will have a barber shop and bath room.

Mr. Bloom's position in the postoffice is now being filled by Mr. C. H. Kline, of Lightstreet.

The Presbyterian church steeple and outside woodwork has been repainted. B. F. Hicks had the contract.

Geo. A. McKelvy has moved with his family into the Willetts homestead in Catawissa. He will open a new drug store soon.

J. D. Bodine has accepted the agency for the sale of the fertilizers of the Allentown Phosphate Co., on the south side of the river.

J. Cadman's building presents a very bright front, having received a coat of paint—in variegated colors. W. F. Bodine was the artist.

The small green apple has put in its appearance. Cohe, the small boy and doctor's bills will be things inseparable for some time now.

The officers of the Bloom school board for the present year are I. H. Hagenbuch, president, J. J. Lawall, secretary, and Wm. Kramer, treasurer.

Where were the strawberry and ice cream festivals this year? The strawberry season is over, and only two or three festivals have been held here.

A campmeeting will be held at Rupert Grove by the A. M. E. Church of Bloomsburg, beginning Saturday, July 30, and continuing until August 8. (4t.

The members of the choir of the Lutheran church will serve ice cream and cake Saturday evening, July 9, in front of the church. Proceeds for benefit of the choir.

The Williamsport Bicycle Club ran a special car from Williamsport to Wilkes-Barre to attend the tournament there on Monday. They went through here on the 6.36 train on Saturday evening.

A party of four wheelmen from Phillipsburg, Centre county, stopped in town a short time on Saturday. They were on their way to the bicycle meet at Wilkesbarre, on the Fourth.

A game of base ball was played at Athletic Park last Saturday afternoon between Bloomsburg and Danville, and resulted in a score of 12 to 5 in favor of Bloomsburg. Quite a large crowd was present.

A little son of Rev. C. K. Canfield, of Orangeville, fell down a well about 28 feet last week. He landed in the mud and water in the well, and discovered in falling, he was rescued without any injury.

A woman was killed at Milton on Tuesday morning, while attempting to cross the P. & E. railroad track in front of a locomotive. She was hurled fifty feet against a large bill board. Her death must have been instantaneous, the neck being broken.

An emery wheel at Lockard's car shops burst on Tuesday, badly injuring Charles Ohl, an employe. A piece of the wheel struck him upon the arm, severely lacerating the fore arm, but fortunately not breaking any bones. Dr. Reber dressed the wounds.

The congregation of the Evangelical church at Afton will hold a festival at Jumbo Park on Saturday evening, July 9. Bean soup, ice cream, cake, candies, &c., will be on the bill of fare. Proceeds to go toward making some needed repairs to the church property. All are invited.

The Steam Heating company commenced work in piping the Lutheran church Tuesday morning. They expect to finish the work at once, to be in readiness when cold weather comes. The Sunday school room will be heated with pipes or coils, while the upper floor will have five handsome radiators.

Quite a number of the bicyclists of town attended the Bicycle Tournament at Wilkes-Barre on the Fourth. In the morning there was a grand street parade, in the afternoon the races at Lee Park, and in the evening the minstrels by the Scranton Bicycle Club in Music Hall. Everybody had a good time.

A children's service was held in St. Paul's P. E. church last Sunday evening, instead of the usual service. It consisted of hymns, catechism of the children, a short address by the rector and a portion of the regular evening service. Despite the warmth of the evening there was a good sized congregation present.

George Rinker, an employe at Harman & Hassert's shops, was seriously injured last Tuesday. While engaged in running a planer his hand was caught, and three fingers of the left hand were taken off, the second and third fingers, and little finger; the first finger was broken. The wounds were dressed by Dr. Willetts.

Nothing in a recently published compilation of like definitions excels the following, said by the Norwich *Bulletin* to have been written by a boy in school in that city, in a language lesson in which the word "organic" was to be used in governing the sense of the sentence: "The Italian is the most organic man on the face of the earth."

A level-headed writer has just given publicity to the following: "One-third of the fools in this country think they can beat the lawyers in expounding the law; one-half think they can beat the doctors in healing the sick; two-thirds of them think they can beat the ministers in preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editor in running the paper."

The following interesting note is taken from the report for June of the Department of Agriculture: "The whole habit of abundance and scarcity of even and odd years has been broken up unquestionably by the killing frost of June 15, 1884. A large portion of the trees have one side in bearing in alternate years, and in other cases portions of orchards are in full bearing in the odd year."

A shrewd dodge, for "raising the wind," by tramps, is now being worked for all that it is worth. They invariably ask for a cake of soap at each house they visit and their request is almost generally complied with. After securing a good supply, they wrap the cakes in tissue paper, visit some suitable town or village and auction off their soap to the highest bidders, thereby realizing considerable ready cash.

Monday was a gala day in Milton. Thousands of visitors were there, and the Milton *Argus* says the number of people far exceeded that of any public day the town has ever seen. At two o'clock in the afternoon a grand parade took place; 12 visiting fire companies were in line, besides the Milton fire department. There were also soldiers, bands, and drum corps. The town was beautifully decorated, and the whole thing was a success, with the exception of the fire works, which took place in the evening, which were said to be a fizzle. Most of the firemen that were present were those who went to the aid of the Milton firemen at the time of the great fire which took place there a few years ago.

An organ-grinder, accompanied by a small monkey, was in town on the fourth.

One of the most brutal prize fights that ever occurred in Luzerne county, took place Monday morning three miles from Nanticoke. The contestants were Thomas Hoar, of Wilkes-Barre, and Peter Hurly, of Nanticoke. Seventy-one desperate rounds were fought, both men being badly punished. When time was called for the seventy-second round Hoar claimed he could not see and said he "had enough." The fight was therefore awarded to Hurly by the referee, Moses Melliken.

Did you ever see a woman who could or would carry an umbrella during a rain so that it would protect her from the deluge of water? If you have it is a woman who deserves a monument. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred women carry an umbrella at least a foot in advance of their faces, and the rain falls upon their unprotected skirts in the rear until they are soaking wet. Like a brave soldier a woman never looks behind her—at her own clothes. She would sooner ruin her dress than carry an umbrella in an ungraceful but useful style.

The Bedford *Gazette* says: "Somerset county has recently furnished to the world some queer sensations. One of these was the action of the Associate Judges in rejecting all applications for licenses to sell liquor. Another was the return to Court of the Somerset lock-up as a gambling house. The last is the Chairman of the Republican County Committee issuing the call for his party's convention from his cell in the county jail. The Chairman is serving out a sentence imposed for violation of the election laws."

In front of the Orangeville Hotel on Monday a huge fire cracker was thrown into the middle of the street by some one disregarding the orders not to fire them, which orders, by the way, were very commonly disregarded on that day. An old man who appeared to be very deaf walked leisurely into the middle of street and despite the yells of the crowd, proceeded to take the cracker up in his hands and examine it, holding it very near his face. Fortunately the fuse went out before it reached the powder. If it had gone off he would have probably been very seriously injured.

Secretary Edge, of the Pennsylvania State Board of Agriculture, says the wheat crop of the State will be the smallest for many years. The falling off is attributed to dry weather during seed time last Fall, to severe frosts and high winds during the Winter when the ground was bare, and to damage done by the fly. The yield is estimated at 10,650,000 bushels from 1,250,000 acres.

There will be a fair crop of corn. The area of oats has been increased because many wheat fields, owing to the poor stand of the cereal, were plowed and seeded to oats. About 1,250,000 acres have been devoted to oats. There will be an average crop of grass.

The Wilkes-Barre *News-Dealer* says of Boyd Cadman, who took part in the parade there on Monday: "One of the smallest and youngest bycyclists in the tournament was Master Boyd Cadman, of Bloomsburg, aged about six years. Since the abandonment of the Bloomsburg Club he has become a member of the Williamsports, with which club he appeared in the parade. He was tastily and neatly attired, and he was the chief and most pleasing feature of the parade. Master Cadman is a trick and fancy rider, and has given his marvelous and wonderful exhibitions in various parts of the State. While he was riding along in the procession he gave numerous exhibitions of his skill and surprised the natives along the line, as well as the bicyclists, to whom he was a stranger."

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending July 5, 1887:

Mrs. S. Boston, Edward D. Fry, Miss Katy Horn, Mrs P. H. Jinkins, Miss Laura G. C. Moran, Mrs. Bridget McGrath, Miss Hattie Shiers, Nat. Nagle.

CARDS.

W. N. Brown, W. G. Goodell.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The Fourth at Orangeville.

The Fourth was celebrated in grand style at Orangeville this year. The first passenger trains were run over the Bloomsburg and Sullivan road, and every train took large crowds up the road and landed them at the platform near the town, which was used as a temporary station. The first train went up at 7:30 a. m. and was crowded with people. The engine was prettily decorated with flags and in front were hung portraits of Col. Jameson and Chief Engineer U. S. Lutz. As the train started from the platform erected at Main street crossing, a photograph of it was taken by Frank M'Killip; only the engine and two cars could be taken, however. The trip to Orangeville was made in about 40 minutes, only a short stop being made at Lightstreet, where quite a large crowd got on. The train was welcomed to Orangeville by a large crowd, and several salutes from a small cannon were fired.

The streets of the town were at several points crossed by arches, and at one point, the crossing of two streets, there were two arches crossing almost at right angles, and at the intersection was hung a bell of spruce. Flags were plentifully displayed over the whole town.

The first thing on the program for the day was the parade, which took place about ten o'clock in the morning. The procession formed at the lower end of town, marched up to the head of the street and countermarched back again.

The parade consisted of two bands, fantastics, drum corps, and other features, including the wagon containing the thirty-eight little girls, representing the states, and a wagon containing a B. & S. engine in miniature. The procession was headed by George Washington, represented by Mr. John Masteller, and Martha Washington, represented by Mrs. Johnson, both on horseback.

In the afternoon there were numerous attractions; a game of base ball was played between Orangeville and Shickshinny, the game being called at the end of the eighth inning, with the score standing 14 to 14; a dance was carried on at the lower end of town in an unfinished house by Mr. J. F. Caldwell, Metherell's orchestra furnishing the music; but the larger portion of the crowd went to the grove to hear the speeches and other exercises that were there carried out. Patriotic speeches were delivered by Grant Herring, Esq., and Prof. J. H. Harkins.

In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, and the dance was continued, a train being run down at 12 o'clock for the accommodation of those who wished to remain.

To close out certain lines of wedding invitations a number of bargains are offered at this office. Those wanting small lots, from 10 to 25, will save money by ordering at the COLUMBIAN office. tf

Sudden Death.

Mr. S. Alfonso Caswell, senior member of the firm of Caswell Bros. & Co., manufacturers of woolen goods, died suddenly of heart disease at his home on West Fifth street Wednesday afternoon about three o'clock. He had been a patient sufferer with heart disease and dyspepsia for a number of years and for the past six months was also afflicted with dropsy. He knew that the lease of life was short with him, and hence by great care in the taking of food he prolonged his days.

Wednesday morning he felt unusually well and taking the horse and carriage he called at the home of Dr. Gardner and the two started for a pleasure ride. He returned at dinner time and took his usual meal. Leaving the table before the rest of the family he went up stairs and sat in a rocking chair, intending to rest awhile before starting for the woolen mills. About three o'clock his father came up from the mill and inquired for "Fon" as he was usually called. The ladies said he was not about the house, that they had not seen him since dinner and that he must be at the mill. The aged father started up stairs in search of him and was shocked to find him in the rocking chair cold in death. The alarm was given and a physician summoned. From his appearance, it is probable he first feel asleep and the heart ceased action; he could not have died more than a half hour before he was found, while it was over two hours from the time he left the dinner table and sought the place of rest.

Mr. Caswell was born in Douglass, Worcester Co., Mass., March 8th, 1836, and hence was 51 years and almost four months of age at the time of his death. At the age of 12 years he entered a cotton mill and at the age of 19 was made overseer. From that time he was overseer until in 1874 he entered into co-partnership at Nippenose Mills, in Antes Fort, Lycoming county, where he remained until 1882 when the brothers all came to Bloomsburg. Mr. Caswell was a kind and agreeable man and made hosts of friends in this place.

He has a wide circle of friends living in distant places, it is therefore the purpose of the family to keep the body until Monday morning when it will be taken to Jersey Shore over the P. & R. railroad, where his mother and brother are buried. Funeral services will be held at the house Sunday evening.

Tennis Tournament.

Four of the members of the Bonita Lawn Tennis Club of this place having received a challenge from four of the Danville Club to play them at the Danville grounds, a game was arranged between them for last Saturday afternoon. Invitations were extended to all the members of the club here to accompany the players to Danville and quite a number went down. The party started about three o'clock in the band wagon, drawn by four horses, and arrived at Danville at half-past four. The game was begun at five o'clock, and continued until nearly eight, six sets being played.

The teams of the two clubs were as follows:

1st. Leverett and Smith, of Bloom,
vs.
Kase and Holloway, of Danville.

2d. Funston and Rishton, of Bloom,
vs.
Jennings and Wooley, of Danville.

The score was as follows, every set being beaten by Danville:

1st teams.	2d teams.
1. 6—5.	1. 6—1.
2. 6—2.	2. 6—2.
3. 6—5.	3. 6—2.

The game between the first teams would probably have been much closer, but Mr. Smith hurt his ankle in running in the second set, and was compelled to stop playing for a short time. He afterwards resumed his position, but was unable to run, which, of course, hindered his playing to a great extent. Probably, when the members of our club have had more practice, they will be able to make a better showing against Danville than they did this time.

After the game, the party returned to the Montour House, where they took supper, and shortly after 10 the start was made for home, which was reached about half-past eleven, after a delightful ride through the moonlight.

Commencement Notes.

The diplomas were awarded at the Normal last week by William Neal, President of the Board of Trustees.

Many members of the Senior class were the recipients of beautiful gifts from friends on their graduation.

At the Alumni dinner Prof. Waller acted as toast master. The toasts were the "Board of Trustees," responded to by Geo E. Elwell Esq. "The Ladies," responded to by Leoni Mellick Esq., of Philadelphia; "The Normal School," responded to by H. L. Morgan; "The Class of '87" responded to by Will C. Johnston. About one hundred were present.

The Senior reception in the School parlors was largely attended on Thursday evening.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association Geo. E. Elwell was elected chairman, and Miss E. B. Guie, Secretary. The class of '87 was admitted to membership. Miss Hughes of '86 read an essay, and J. Claude Keiper, of Shenandoah, of the same class, was the orator of the day. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: D. J. Waller Ph. D. President, Miss E. B. Guie, Recording Secretary, William Chrisman Esq., Treasurer. Miss Hower was elected essayist, and Will C. Johnston orator for next year. An Executive Committee of five was elected with Prof. J. H. Grimes as chairman. A committee consisting of R. M. Geddis, Mrs. S. C. Creasy and Miss Dora Marr was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Miss Audia Hagenbuch.

Fatal Accident.

William Oldt and Henry Brobst, both of Hamburg, Berks county, were on a passenger train of the Pennsylvania Schuylkill Valley railroad Monday evening, the former on his way to Philadelphia, where he was employed at cigar making for several years, and the latter bound for Norristown to work at carpentering. When near Reading the train passed a refrigerator car standing on a siding of the Reading railroad, near Barbey's brewery. The door of the refrigerator car stood open, and Oldt, who had his head out of the window, was struck by the door with great force. His skull was fractured and blood spurted from his mouth, nose and ears. His face was also lacerated. Brobst had his left elbow out of the window of the passenger car, and his arm was struck and fractured. He is fifty-five years of age, and was taken to Hamburg on the next train. The arm will have to be amputated. Oldt was conveyed to St. Joseph's hospital, where he died next morning. He was 23 years of age and married.

Opinion of a Leading Editor.

Almost all the diseases that afflict us from infancy to old age have their origin in a disordered liver. A really good liver medicine is the most important in the whole range of pharmacy. We believe Simmons Liver Regulator to be the best among them all. We pin our faith upon the Regulator, and if we could persuade every reader who is in ill health to buy it, we would willingly vouch for the benefit each would receive.—ED. CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

Court Proceedings.

On Monday Judge Elwell filed opinions in the following cases:

Overseers of the Poor of Beaver Township against the Overseers of the Poor of the Borough of Berwick. Appeal by Berwick from an order by two justices of the peace removing a pauper from Beaver to Berwick. Order of removal reversed, costs and expenses to be paid by Beaver township. Held that the facts fail to establish a settlement of the pauper in her own right, or by derivation from her husband, in the Borough of Berwick.

WESLEY YORINER } No. 59 Sept. Term 1887.
vs } Assumpsit on a promis-
D. K. SLOAN. } sory note. Case stated.

Held that a judgment obtained by a creditor of the payee of a negotiable promissory note, by proceedings in attachment against the maker, is not a bar to recovery in an action subsequently brought by an endorsee whose title to the note and proceeds was acquired for value before maturity of the note.

The maker in this case has a perfect defense in the attachment suit. His failure to defend puts him in jeopardy of twice paying his note. As between him and a bona-fide holder of the note without notice, the loss if any is sustained, must fall on him by whose negligence it was caused. Whether he has any grounds for relief against the wrongful judgment in the attachment is a matter in respect to which no opinion is expressed.

The opinion further holds that in all cases of attachment against the maker of a negotiable note, no judgment should be rendered charging him with the debt as garnishee, until the note is provided at the trial, shown to be owned by the defendant in this attachment and the fact that judgment is entered be endorsed thereon.

Judgment for the plaintiff on the case stated for amount of note and interest.

The hot weather of mid-summer has a weakening effect, both upon body and mind. You feel absolutely incapable of doing any arduous work, and even light duties are performed languidly and unwillingly. This low state of the system causes even greater infirmity, and gives opportunity for serious disease to gain a foothold. In this condition the system is quick to respond to the reviving, quickening and strengthening effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and vigor into every portion of the body. People who have taken it write us, saying: "It puts new life right into me." It makes me young again." Reader, if you suffer from summer weakness, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 doses $1.

Mifflin.

Rye is good, wheat poor. Summer crops are looking fine.

The M. E. Church was re-opened on Sunday, June 26. Sermon by Rev. Yocum.

Farmers are shipping cherries to the different markets.

J. C. Koehler took a trip to Luzerne county on Tuesday of last week.

C. A. Swank removed to Bloomsburg last week.

The new Reformed Church is going right up and will be a substantial building when finished.

Among the young men formerly of this place who spent Sunday, 26th ult., with their parents, are: G. B. Swank, of Riverside, C. W. Miller, of Wilkes-Barre, C. C. Heller, Stephen Hous and Geo. Hess, of Hazleton, Grant Peifer, of Watsontown, and Geo. Creasy, of Wapwallopen.

Rev. Dechant, of Catawissa, attended the re-opening.

This township can boast of good Supervisors. Roads have been improved very much.

W. O. DeWitt is now master of the violin. Will is always in for improvement. He plays and the dog dances.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphites.

For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the Lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

The Fourth in Town.

Bloomsburg had a quiet Fourth. The town was almost deserted. A great many people went to Orangeville, some went to Wilkesbarre, and some to Milton.

Many families spent the day in the woods. The Rescue H. & L. Company went to Milton to participate in the parade. Displays of fireworks were set off over the creek below the bridge at the rocks, and at other points, in the evening. Rockets and Roman candles shot their fiery balls high in the air at intervals all over the town, and the occasional roar of a cannon cracker showed that the ordinance was not being strictly observed. There were no fires, and so far as heard from, the deadly toy pistol didn't get in any work among the small boys.

A Grand Record.

We call your attention to the advertisement of a remedy which has stood the test of more than a half century with increasing popularity and is universally admitted to have no equal as a remedy for the cure of diseases originating in a disordered liver, such as dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, headache, colic, etc. Simmons Liver Regulator is simple and harmless, purely vegetable, and can be safely and advantageously used under any circumstances. It acts mildly and effectually and is especially valuable as a Family Medicine, which position it holds in so many homes. We do not know another preparation which can forward such indorsements from heads of families and those holding the highest official and social positions. Keep Simmons Liver Regulator in your house, it will reduce your doctor's bill and insure for your families health and happiness.

Prof. Loisette's Memory Discovery.

No doubt can be entertained about the value and genuineness of Prof. Loisette's Memory System as it is so strongly recommended by Mark Twain, Mr. Proctor, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Buckley and others. For full details we advise our readers to send for Prof. L's prospectus, at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York. From it we learn the System is taught by correspondence quite as well as by personal instruction. Still we note that colleges near New York have secured his lectures. He has had 100 Columbia Law students, two classes of 200 each at Yale, 200 at Meriden, 250 at Norwich, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn. We cannot conceive how a system could receive any higher endorsement.

List of letters remaining in the P. O. at Benton for month ending June 30, 1877.

Miss Ada and Helen Hess, W. M. Stuart, Miss Tillie A. Search.

CARDS.

Mr. Seely Hedgen.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

ELLA E. APPLEMAN, P. M.

A Fountain Pen Decision.

We take the following from the *American Stationer* of June 30th in reference to a preliminary injunction granted by the United States Court to Paul E. Wirt:

After several months of exhaustive research in obtaining evidence as to fountain pens, and after an argument of three days before Judge Benedict, in the United States Court for the Eastern District of New York, the printed proofs and briefs were handed up for the court to make its final decision in a case wherein Paul E. Wirt, proprietor and inventor of the Wirt fountain pen, sued an infringer. Judgment *pro confesso* has been taken by Mr. Wirt in instances where parties sought to infringe, and several preliminary injunctions have been granted by the United States Court in his favor. In one instance where an injunction was granted in closing an opinion the court said:

"It is quite clear, however, that in the defendant's pen the ink is by his arrangement of feeders fed upon the pen from above by capillary attraction, and also from below. The plaintiff's combination will make a practical pen, fed only from above by capillary attraction. It is a combination adapted to produce a certain result. The defendant uses the same combination to produce the same result, and he has added a second combination which produces at the same time a result differing from that produced by the plaintiff's combination only in this, that it feeds the pen from below. It is true that the defendant in using the plaintiff's combination has shortened the shaft, but in the added combination he has a shaft which, while it draws ink down to the lower side of the pen, also draws ink to the shortened upper shaft, whence it goes to the upper side of the pen. This slight modification affords no ground for the defendant to contend that he does not use the plaintiff's combination. The most that he can pretend is that, while he uses the plaintiff's combination to feed the upper side of the pen, he at the same time feeds the pen from the under side by a combination of his own. In so doing, however, he infringes upon the plaintiff's pattern; for he uses the combination described in the plaintiff's patent, namely, to feed the pen with the ink drawn down to the nib upon the upper side of the pen, by means of capillary attraction. It seems to me that a clear case of infringement of the plaintiff's patent is shown. Several patents were referred to by the defendant to show the state of the art, but I find nothing in these patents calculated to deprive the plaintiff of the right asserted in the patent sued on. The motion for injunction is granted."

The case just submitted in Brooklyn for final decision is of more than ordinary interest, for strenuous efforts were made to show that the Wirt patent is of no consequence, and that all sorts of modifications of Wirt's invention ought to be allowed—the usual course taken by those who have no rights of their own, but seek to weaken or destroy the rights of others. The decision quoted is to the effect that indiscriminate use cannot be made of the ideas embraced in the Wirt patent so as to run a fountain-pen business with a pen which, in principle and operation, is identical with Wirt's, or modified in some trifling detail of construction.

Several other suits are in progress, and will be pushed, it is said, with the determination to put an end to the appropriation of Mr. Wirt's ideas in making and selling fountain pens.

School Board Meeting.

The Bloomsburg School Board held an adjourned meeting on Saturday evening, all the members being present. A proposition was received from O. A. Jacoby to lay what stone pavements are necessary around the school buildings at the rate of 14 cents per square foot. The proposition was on motion accepted. Proposals were also opened for repainting a portion of the inside of the Third street building and also rebuilding the blackboards but as the bids were somewhat indefinite, on motion, J. C. Brown was directed to draw up written specifications for the work and the committee on buildings and repairs should receive new proposals and award the work. After some informal discussion as to the subject of salary for principal, a motion was adopted that a notice should be inserted in the three newspapers of Bloomsburg inviting applications for the principalship, stating qualifications, accompanied with testimonials and endorsements and also stating salary required. An adjournment was then taken to Friday evening July 22, 1887.

The B. & S.

Over 700 people rode up to Orangeville on the excursion trains on the 4th. The train consisted of four gondola cars with seats comfortably arranged, and with temporary roofs. The road bed is very smooth for a new road, and the ride is a most delightful one. The track is laid about six miles above Orangeville, and it will not be many weeks before the whistle of the locomotive will awaken the echoes in the Benton hills.

Two new locomotives and several handsome passenger coaches have been ordered for the B. & S. but will not be completed until about October 1.

Arrangements should be made for a big excursion to Benton as soon as the tracks are laid, and another one when the new train is put on the road.

Bridgens and Hughes have completed their contracts for grading, and their work was well done.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 4, 1887.

Traveling-Bags. A hundred or two at a glance; no two alike. Anything that's worth having. The cheapest is of split leather or canvas; $1.50 for a 14-inch valise. Better, of grained leather, leather lined, brass trimmed, 14 to 24 inches; $8 up.

The Cabin-Bag opens in the middle of the peaked roof, hinged at the eaves. Not a waste inch inside. Packs like a trunk. Grained leather, 12 to 18 inches, $6.50 to $10.

There's no rip to the one-piece, grained leather Bags. Ordinary shape, 12 to 16 inches, $5 to $7.

English Carryalls of waterproof McIntosh Cloth; wallet shape. Little or much, always just full. 18 to 26 inches long, $2.75 to $11.

Trunks in the basement. Saratoga, flat-top, steamer, basket, sole-leather, packing—all these sorts in all needed sizes. The least in price is the $2 to $3.50 "patent cover," sheet-iron bound. A cavern for stowing stuff in. A good Ladies' Saratoga, in five sizes, $5 to $9. Better, that'll smile at baggage-smashers, $14 to $17. Sole leather, $22 to $48.

Looks like an all-day job to pick one out. 'Tisnt; fix on the size and the rest'll be easy.

The fit of a Shirt is the vital point, but it's a point that's often overlooked.

We look as much to fit as to finish or quality or style.

You know the "University," the "Conqueror" and the "Crown." They're famous Shirt names, famous because the Shirts are so good at the price—$1.25, $1 and 75c. We make those Shirts and they lead; they're Shirt-standards.

But we've another Shirt that you'll like to know. *A 50 cent Shirt.* Good muslin, good linen, good work and good fit. It's far and beyond the best 50 cent Shirt we've ever seen.

Ribbons. A clean stock—*no riff-raff.* And yet 18c. to 25c. stands for what were 35c. to 60c. but the other day. Note this: the season wanes but the stock is at the zenith of assortment.

5 umbrella items. If the worth of these lots were fully known they wouldn't last day.

43, double twill silk, Fox paragon frames, crystal heads, $2.50; retail value, $5.

56, close folding, Fox ribs, $3; retail value, $5.

62, woven wire silver heads, double twill silk, $375; retail value, $6.

50, fancy Vienna, gold and silver handles, double twill silk, Fox frames, $3; value, $5.

35, (assorted lot just from one of the best makers), gold and silver handles, $4. Some of the handles alone almost worth the price.

300 Shawls. Persian, Hair Line, Cashmere, Fancy Wool, and the like. A jag from an overloaded wholesaler. Some for a third, none more than half price. 50 cents to $3. Some of the Persians would make unique table covers.

Baby Carriages. As full an assortment as at the opening of the season. You don't expect much of a Baby Carriage for $6—until you've seen ours. Strong wicker body, strong and neat running gears, comfortably upholstered and some fancy work. That's the one for least. Special Coaches, ribboned, parasols and handsomely tricked out, $14.50 to $18. Up and up to $75 or more, if you will. We do the upholstering to your mind, if desired.

The refrigerator you want should be easy to clean. There are dirt and muss and drippings that can get out in no other way; nor in that way if you can't get at them. Every maker hasn't thought of that. The Alaska people *have.* There isn't a corner in an Alaska Refrigerator that a sponge or rag or brush can't touch. $8.50 to $60. Alaska Ice Chests, $4.50 to $14.50.

A snug little nickel plated Water Cooler (1 gal.) with faucet, $1.35; 1½ gal., $1.75. Take the place of an ice pitcher; neater, handier.

Other water Coolers, 2 to 14 gals., $1 to $30.50.

Many patterns in Fancy Half Hose, 25c.

English Half Hose, 15c.

A dozen or so lines of Maco Cotton Half Hose, 25c.

Balbriggan Underwear, 50c.

English Gauze Underwear, 50c.

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Chestnut, Thirteenth and Market streets, and City-hall square.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Smoke following brands: La Turist, P. & S., Pointer, 377, Straight 5 and 10c. cigars. Webb's cigar store, first door below Court House. 2t

The Hosiery Department at I. W. Hartman & Son's cannot be excelled in the county.

For bargains in furniture, go to Corell's.

Next week for Remnants of Dry Goods at I. W. Hartman & Son's—go early or you will miss a bargain.

Side boards and mirrors at Corell's. 3t.

Having just received a cylinder for finishing silks and cloths, I am prepared to clean and dye gents' clothing, ladies' cloaks, sacques, silks, dresses, shawls, &c. Feathers dyed and curled. Packages forwarded by express will receive prompt attention, according to directions. Call or address, J. O. Caswell, dyer, Bloomsburg Woolen Mills. sep24-tf.

Best White Dishes, $2.75 per set at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Willow chairs—just the thing for warm weather—at Corell's. 3t.

Hammocks, 65, 85, $1.15, $1.25, $1.35 and $1.50 at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Oak, cherry and walnut furniture at Corell's. 3t.

After 4th of July bargains at I. W. Hartman & Son's.

Parlor suits, chamber suits, dining room and library furniture—all styles and prices at Corell's. 3t.

The Satteen Pillows at I. W. Hartman & Son's are softer than the ordinary feather pillows and more beautiful in patterns.

M'KILLIP, Photographer & Crayon Artist, Bloomsburg, Pa. Fine Cabinet Portraits, only $3 a dozen. Instantaneous Process used.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The many remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes are sufficient proof that it does possess peculiar curative powers

A perfect washing machine has never been invented, but a perfect washing soap has. Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is as near perfection as it is possible to attain, and the price is very reasonable.

Dyspepsia makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remed

Thrilling Adventure.

A CATTLEMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TERRIBLE PRAIRIE FIRE.

A few evening ago, says the St. Paul *Globe*, a party of Northwestern cattlemen were grouped together in the rotunda of the Merchants' Hotel, when one of the gentlemn said:

"A prairie fire with a strong wind is a terrible thing. I have seen several, but fortunately was never close to but one, and it was only by a streak of good luck—or, perhaps, Providence—that I escaped alive."

When the group had settled back for the story the cattleman told this incident, which has romance enough in it for the foundation of a novel:

"It was '75 or '76, I don't remember which," said the man. "I was in partnership in the cattle business with a man whose name is immaterial with our ranch in Indian Territory, below Medicine Lodge. We had shipped a drove of cattle to Kansas City, driving them from the Territory to Wichita, Kan., which was then the terminus of a branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road. The drive to Wichita was rather disastrous to the stock, the grass along the route being poor and water scarce. On the way home from Kansas City it was decided that we should continue on the main line of the road to Hutchison, from which place I would take a horse and ride down to the Territory, while my partner was to go on to Dodge City, and also take a horse for home. The object was to find a more desirable route on which to drive our next herd of cattle in order to reach a shipping point. Accordingly I stopped at Hutchison, and before going to bed was in possession of as fine a piece of horseflesh as you ever laid your eyes on. The distance from Hutchison to Medicine Lodge was about ninety miles, which could be reached by a hard day's ride. By daylight the next morning I was in the saddle and riding south. It will be remembered that at that time Kansas was little settled west of the central portion, especially off the line of two railroads running east and west through the State. Consequently my ride was a rather lonely one, the majority of the living things to be seen being prairie dogs, which would scamper to their holes on my approach. Occasionally I would happen on a 'dug-out,' but throughout the day I did not see a solitary house. These dug-outs are strange looking objects to persons unaccustomed to them. Usually they are simply a hole dug in the ground, a few poles laid across and prairie grass and dirt thrown over the top. The only redeeming feature about them is that they are cyclone-proof. In some cases a hole is cut in the side of a hill, but owing to the nature of the country this form of habitation is scarce. The day had been unusually warm, and I had been riding rather slowly with a view of pushing on faster when it had become cooler. A breeze sprang up from the south, and I gave my horse a tap to urge him on; but not minding the whip he started in a different direction than the one which he had been going. He appeared to be uneasy, but I supposed this was caused from thirst. The sun had gone down, and the wind was increasing, bringing with it a faint odor of burning grass. As it grew dark I could see a flickering of light at a distance, but thought nothing of it. It was not long, however, before I discovered the cause of the horse's uneasiness. Stretching from the right to left apparently in a semi-circle, was a streak of fire, and I at once realized that I was in a dangerous position.

There was no way to escape except to turn back, and I was loath to do that. I stood still some time, undecided what to do. It would be foolish to think of trying to break through this sweeping wall of fire. Turning the horse's head in the direction from which we came I let him have the reins. He needed no urging and covered the ground in fine style. I looked back and was dismayed to see that even as fast as we were going the fire was gaining on us. Giving the horse a sharp cut with the whip, he gave a lunge forward, but fell, throwing me over his head. He had stepped into a prairie-dog's hole and broken a leg. Seeing that he could go no further I drew my revolver and ended his life. The fire was now less than a mile from me, coming before a terrible wind, the flames leaping high in the air. By the light I could see a small hill a few hundred yards away, and my only hope was to reach that, perhaps finding shelter on the opposite side. I put forth my best efforts, but before covering half the distance I could hear the roar of the flames and feel the heat, while the smoke was suffocating. Making a terrible effort I kept to my feet for a few seconds more, and then consciousness left me. When I awoke it was morning, and bending over me was a young woman. Remembering what I had passed through my first impression was that I was dead and in—well, where we all want to go sometime. But I soon found my mistake, and discovered that I was in a cave dug in the side of a hill. In flying from the fire my last step had brought me to the door, and falling, had forced it open. The young woman was in great distress, and told me that she feared her husband had been caught in the prairie fire. She told me her history very briefly, saying that she was an orphan, had been married but a short time, and came from the East with her husband to make a home. Her husband had left her alone two days before, having gone to the nearest town, and she had expected him to return the evening before. Hastily eating what she had prepared we started in search of the missing man. The scene was a desolate one, as far as the eye could reach being a sea of ashes. We had gone a little over a mile when we found the charred remains of the woman's husband. I left her watching over him while I hunted up a habitation, and, securing assistance, we buried him near where he died. I hired a man to take me to my ranch, where I found my partner had arrived all right. Shortly after that I sold out and came North, but I think I shall not forget that part of the country soon."

Just as the narrator had ceased speaking a bright little boy came running up to him saying:

"Papa, mamma wants to see you."

"But what became of the young woman?" was asked by the rest of the party as the gentleman arose.

"Well," said he, after a smile, "she has just sent our boy after me."

They tell in Philadelphia that years ago a boy named Edwin H. Fitler climbed upon the roof of the old Bridesburg rope walk to shoot a crow. He shot the crow, but the watchman of the building pulled him down from the roof and gave him a flogging. Edwin H. Fitler, the same one, is now Mayor-elect of the city and owner of that rope walk, and that the same watchman is one of his employers—too old to work, but pensioned handsomely.

Sixty Skeletons Found.

THE REMAINS OF MEN WHO WERE MURDERED MANY YEARS AGO AND THROWN IN A WELL.

The people of Nashville are excited over a ghastly discovery made near Cookville, situated on what was known many years ago as the Kentucky Stock Road. This was at the time the principal highway for traders between Kentucky and Georgia or South Carolina. Stopping places on the road were few and far between, and many men returning after selling their stock never reached home.

Some years ago a skeleton was found at the entrance to a cave near Cookville and a few days ago a party concluded to explore the cave. Back on the mountain side, about one half mile from one of the notorious stopping places on the old road, the entrance to the cave was found. A hole something like a well going straight down some thirty-five feet was first passed through and then the cave opened into large caverns with a downward course under the mountain.

At the bottom of the shaft the party found human bones and with a little digging in the debris that had accumulated at this point unearthed about sixty skeletons of men who had been murdered and thrown down this hole. Some skulls were found with bullet holes through them, others being smashed with an axe or an instrument of than kind.

Old citizens now living in the vicinity say that the keepers of these dens would keep track of the travelers when they passed through with stock and on their return they would be almost certain to disappear. There is another cave twenty miles from Cookville near one of the ancient inns and an exploration of it will be made also.

Longevity.

When mankind receives the wise raising and training that is expended on horses and cattle, the Scriptural limit of three score and ten will be removed to at least five score. It has been estimated that the normal longevity of an animal is five times its period of growth. This rule gives a lion twenty, a dog ten, a camel forty, and a horse twenty-five years. Man's twenty years of growth, by this calculation entitles him to one hundred. The French chemist Chevreul, of Paris, has reached his hundredth year, with a vigor and clearness of intellect undimmed, and in a world comparatively ignorant of the highest laws of life, and while he is at present an extreme, it is indicative of what is possible to all, under better training and a greater degree of enlightenment. Other extremes have gone many years beyond this. Noah Raby, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is 114, and supports himself by his work in the Summer, and looks like a man of eighty.

Lougevity has its basis in the higher faculties. Women, having feebler bodies, but stronger moral natures, rank higher in longevity than men. Of sudden deaths there are seven times more of men than of women. The life force organizes a body in accordance with its own character, and this vital force is affected by its environments, in the nature of education, air, food and motives. The human body is a tenement, of which life is the builder. We shall not easily be released from the influence of any false opinion into which we have been educated, but we can continue to make heroic and noble struggles, and thereby enjoy increasing hopes.

What Sort of Girls are Lovable.

"What kind of girls are lovable?" asks an old bachelor sternly. "That, good sir, depends a great deal upon what person is going to love them." Here is a rather pretty summing up from the thoughts—and experience—of a person who has pride in being in some sort a connoisseur of lovability. "The girls that are lovable," says he, "are these: Girls without an undesirable love of liberty and craze for individualism; girls who will let themselves be guided, girls who have the filial sentiment well developed, and who feel the love of a daughter for the woman who acts as their mother; girls who know that every day and all day long cannot be devoted to holiday-making without the intervention of duties more or less irksome; girls who, when they can gather them, accept their roses with frank and girlish sincerity of pleasure, and, when they are denied, submit without repining to the inevitable hardships of circumstances—these are the girls whose companionship glad dens and does not oppress or distract the old, whose sweet and ready submission to reasonable control of authority make life so pleasant and their charge so light to whose care they are.

Cairo Children.

It is the poor children here that most move me to pity and make me lose sight of the wonderfully varied and picturesque scenes of Cairo, writes a Detroit *Tribune* correspondent from Egypt. The poor little things, borne astride the shoulder of their mothers, often seem more dead than alive, and the little hand clutching so feebly, yet confidently, to her headgear is a sight most pitiful. It is said that seventy-eight per cent. of the children die here in infancy. I have seen several funerals of children. They are borne along the streets in an open wooden box with a gray pall thrown over it, a motley crowd bearing the box and others following chanting a song with not the least degree of solemnity. Neither the mother nor any woman is ever allowed to follow, and at the grave the child is taken out of the box, and, scarcely wrapped at all, is dropped into the sand.

Proper Indignation.

"Chappie, I was gwossly insulted to-day, doncher know," remarked Fitzpercy.

"Ah! how did it occur, me deah boy?" inquired De Sappy.

"I went to buy a hat, you see, and I absked the cweachah at the stoh: 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?' and the wetch replied, as bwazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.'

"Did you wesent the insult?"

"Yaas, pwomptly."

"How did you wesent it?"

"I said 'Wats' weal loud and slammed the door as I went out."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Mrs. Cleveland Uses Dumb Bells.

From a Washington Special.

It has been remarked that Mrs. Cleveland possesses exceptionally strong wrists, and is consequently able to endure the prolonged handshaking of public receptions without over-fatigue. Her strength of muscle is attributed to her persistent use of dumb-bells. She is said to be quite a gymnast and owes much of her graceful carriage to the thorough command of her body given by calisthenic exercises.

Character in Toothpicks.

STUDYING MEN'S CHARACTER BY THE WAY THEY USE TOOTHPICKS.

"Talk about phrenology," said the cashier of a well-known restaurant, "I can get at a man's character without feeling of his bumps. Just keep your eye on this man."

As he spoke a portly, dignified gentleman walked leisurely to the desk and laid down a check wrapped in a $5 note. Then he drew a toothpick from a tumbler on the desk, inserted it between his double teeth, looked the cashier calmly in the eye, struck an easy attitude, and waited for his change. When it was passed over he put it into his waistcoat pocket and left the restaurant with the toothpick still protruding from his mouth.

"That," said the cashier, "is a man of business. Did you notice how confidently he picked his teeth? That is a sure sign that he is in no danger of failure. He is a man whom you may trust, and one who will always count the change you give him. Now observe this one."

The next customer grabbed a toothpick and jabbed it between his teeth in a nervous manner. He gouged away here and there until the toothpick broke in half. Throwing the fragments on the floor, he gathered up the change for a fifty cent piece and dashed from the place as though a detective were on his track.

"A bad man that," commented the cashier, "and one who is treacherous withal. Any man who stabs at his gums as that man did would use a knife in a quarrel. The manner in which he cast the useless toothpick on the ground is significant of how he would treat a friend who had gone broke to serve him.

"Lord," coatinued the cashier, "I've studied this subject so much that I could keep talking all day on it. I am willing to bet that I am right nearly every time. You see, no one suspects that he is being judged according to the way he uses a toothpick, and he acts perfectly natural. A man can change the expression of his face, and the hair of most men covers their bumps, but the innocent toothpick is what gives them away."

How Miss Wolfe Moved Two Trees.

There are two trees in the grounds in Vineland which were brought from the country seat of Miss Wolfe's father, coming up on the Hudson.

"Can it be done?" she asked of the landscape gardner who had undertaken to make her domains what they ought to be in the matter of trees and shrubs. She referred to the transplanting.

The landscape gardner was astonished.

"Pray, madam," said he, hesitatingly, "have you considered the enormous expense of carrying out such a whim? It would cost at least—"

His questioner broke in impatiently: "That has nothing to do with it," she said. "I did not ask you what it cost, but if it could be done. I repeat, is it possible?"

Yes," answered the landscape-maker, "It is possible."

"Do it then," ordered the lady, "and let the expense be what it may. I want those trees in Newport."

And the trees came to Newport. They were taken up carefully, laid upon canal boats, carried down the Hudson and along the Sound, making the entire journey by water. What must have been the astonishment of the sailors who saw the remarkable spectacle of what looked like a forest moving on the surface of the deep, Dame Gossip saith not. It was only a modern instance of Birnam Wood and Dunsinane. But the operation was successful. The much traveled trees are flourishing with great vigor in Rhode Island soil, and never seem a bit the worse for their long and remarkable journey, which cost about $1,500.—*Boston Herald.*

Fools Rush in, Etc.

A big, burly westerner jostled against a tall, well built young man with a light mustache in the Nicollet house yesterday. The young man tried to get out of the other's way, but unfortunately he struck the western man's foot.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man with the light mustache. "Excuse my awkwardness."

"Confound your stupidity," the westerner burst forth. "Why in——can't you be more careful? I've a good notion to break your head. A man like you ought to be thrashed, and I ought to do it."

The young man merely bowed his head and moved away.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the westerner of Clerk Shaefer.

"That's Pat Killen, who is matched to fight Sullivan," was the reply.

The westerner was not visible the remainder of the day.—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Wrecked Life.

Omaha Widow—I should greatly like to meet your wife, Mr. De Sweet.

Mr. De Sweet—I have no wife.

I can sympathize with you. You, too, have lost—"

"I never was married."

"Oh! You are engaged though, I presume, and—"

"I have never been engaged, madam."

"Ah! I begin to understand. Some sad romance of the past has left its mark upon your heart so deep that—"

"No, no. I have never been in love. I would not tie myself down to a woman if she were sent down from Heaven to me."

"Mercy! A woman hater! Oh! What could have so perverted your nature? What has happened to—"

"I am a dry goods clerk."

He Was Not Overpowered.

A certain New England Governor had occasion to visit a tribe of Indians who have their home within his jurisdiction, and took his staff along with him. One of the officers, who was of a consequent turn, resolved to make a deep impression upon the untutored red man, and with this object arrayed himself with great care and crowded on all the gold lace and braid that his uniform would bear. As he expected, the display attracted the attention of the Chief of the tribe, but the impression made on him was not just what the owner of the showy uniform had looked for. As he strutted up to the Chief the latter expressed himself in curt Indian fashion: "You army?" "No," said the officer. "Navy?" "No." "Militia?" "Yes." Whereupon the Chief with a look of supreme contempt, ejaculated: "O, bah!"—*Boston Post.*

The Sensations of the Dying.

It is doubtless the case that in many instances—and perhaps they are the majority—dying persons lapse gradually into an unconsciousness that ends their bodily pain, and saves them from the anguish of the final parting with those they leave behind. It is not uncommon, however, for clearness of comprehension to persist to the last, and perhaps it is still more common for some of the special senses to preserve their activity. We think it was Ernest Wagner, who in his "General Pathology," dwell particularly on the preservation of the sense of hearing in many cases long after the apparent occurrence of unconsciousness, and who tenderly cautioned his readers that this possibility should be borne in mind. —*New York Medical Journal.*

On the train the other day an old man shoved up a window as the locomotive whistled for a crossing and stuck half his body out to see what the row was about. The brakeman happened to pass through the car, and seeing the situation, he said:

"Better take your head in, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might strike a post or switch."

"Yes, that's so," muttered the old man, as he pulled himself in and sat down, "and the railroad would hop on to me for damages. It's better to be on the safe side."

Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language.

One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title.

The specimen pages which the publisher sends free to any applicant, show the type which is used—a good clear-faced brevier; also the form—"Ideal" for convenience, easy for the eye, handy to hold. The volumes will average about 640 pages each, and there will probably be about thirty of them—the "manifold" number will not be inconvenient; when you consult a Cyclopedia you are supposed to know what "title" you are looking for; the lettering on the back of each volume tells you at a glance what titles will be found within, so you do not look in the wrong one—and the volumes are so "handy" you quickly turn to the sought-for page.

There will be several thousand illustrations—no "mere pictures," but everything of importance that will serve to illustrate.

The Manifold Cyclopedia is to be much more than a "Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge;" it will embody also a Dictionary of the English language—including every word which has any claim to a place in the language. How often you have consulted Appleton's or Chamber's, or Johnson's Cyclopedia and failed to find the title you were looking for—then consulted Webster's Unabridged and were successful; the word belonged to the Dictionary rather than to the Cyclopedia. Or you have consulted Webster, and found little more than a mere definition of the word—you must go to the Cyclopedia for details of knowledge. Or, more probable than either of the foregoing suppositions, you do not own either a first-class Cyclopedia or a first-class dictionary, or only one of the two, because of their prohibitory cost, so you "consult your imagination" and "go hungry" for lack of the few lines of print that would satisfy you! In the Manifold Cyclopedia you will find a survey of all knowledge which is illustrated by the English language—and its cost is within your reach, only 50 cents a volue for cloth binding, 65 cent for half morocco!

In this age of the world, no general Cyclopedia or dictionary can be in any proper sense "original"—each new compilication, if it has merit, is based upon the knowledge found embodied in all its predecessors. "Knowledge" as set set forth in books can not be monopolized by "patent" or "copyright"—only the form of embodiment can be thus covered. The latest discoveries (or imaginings) of the scientists, the latest "finds" (or frauds) of the archaeologists, the latest theories of the political economists—all are subject to the "sight drafts" of the latest Encyclopedist. Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia undertakes to combine in the most convenient and concise (and yet full) and economical form possible, the results of the scholarship of the world, up to the time of its publication. Availing itself of most of the labors of its predessors who have accomplished the best results, the Manifold Cyclopedia draws more largely from Chamber's than from any other of the family of Cyclopedias, and more largely from Stormonth than from any other of the family of dictionaries—the Chambers is an acknowledged model for a Cyclopedia, but it is adapted particularly to England rather than to America; Stormonth is the acknowledged peer of Webster, Worcester, the Imperial, and Murray, as an authority, but without a peer in the combined qualities of consciousness, clearness, and accuracy of learning. No authorities, however, are blindly followed, but effort is carefully made to bring all matters to the generally accepted standard of the most eminent American, rather than foreign scholarship.

Editorial talent second to none in America, in experience and skill is engaged in the conduct of the work; the publisher's past experience in Cyclopedia making (notably in The Library of Universal Knowledge, now known—trebled in price—as the International Cyclopedia) is good basis for the pledge he makes to his patrons that the Manifold shall be in inferior to no other Cyclopedia in any of the important qualities of a popular guide to knowledge. Specimen pages free, or a specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.
BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

NORTH.		STATIONS.	SOUTH.	
p.m.	a.m		a.m.	p.m.
9 00	12 30	Scranton	6 10	2 05
8 54	12 26	Bellevue	6 15	2 10
8 48	12 22	Taylorville	6 20	2 15
8 40	12 15	Lackawanna	6 27	2 22
8 33	12 08	Pittston	6 34	2 30
8 27	12 03	West Pittston	6 40	2 36
8 22	11 58	Wyoming	6 45	2 41
8 17	11 54	Maltby	6 49	2 44
8 11	11 50	Bennett	6 53	2 47
8 08	11 47	Kingston	6 58	2 50
8 08	11 47	Kingston	6 58	2 50
8 03	11 42	Plymouth June	7 02	2 55
7 59	11 38	Plymouth	7 07	3 00
7 54	11 34	Avondale	7 12	3 05
7 50	11 30	Nanticoke	7 15	3 13
7 43	11 23	Hunlock's Creek	7 23	3 27
7 30	11 12	Shickshinny	7 37	3 44
7 18	11 00	Hick's Ferry	7 50	4 00
7 11	10 54	Beach Haven	7 57	4 06
7 05	10 47	Berwick	8 04	4 13
6 58	10 41	Briar Creek	8 10	4 20
6 54	10 38	Willow Grove	8 14	4 25
6 50	10 34	Lime Ridge	8 18	4 29
6 42	10 27	Espy	8 25	4 36
6 36	10 21	Bloomsburg	8 30	4 44
6 30	10 16	Rupert	8 36	4 50
6 25	10 11	Catawi'a Bridge	8 41	4 55
6 08	9 56	Danville	8 58	5 13
6 00	9 49	Chulasky	9 05	5 19
5 55	9 45	Cameron	9 08	5 25
5 40	9 32	Northumberland	9 25	5 35
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.

W. F. HALSTEAD, Supt.
Superintendent's office, Scranton, Feb. 1st, 1887

Pennsylvania Railroad.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.
TIME TABLE.
In effect May 29, 1887. Trains leave Sunbury.

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 5.20 p. m.; Baltimore, 3.10 p. m.; Washington, 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.45 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 4.55 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 8 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.25 a. m. New York, 11.30 a. m.; Baltimore 8.10 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for, Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.53—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.
(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Wilkes-Barre accom. leaves Sunbury 8.35 p m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 9.31; Wilkes-Barre, 6.00 p m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.35 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.25 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.54 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.50 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5 10 p.m

Catawissa accom. leaves Nescopeck 5.05 p m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 5.30 p m; Sunbury, 6.25 p m.

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.59 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

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